

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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"OUR NEAR NEIGHBOUR: MARS." } BY POST, 6½D.



H.R.H. PRINCE EDWARD OF YORK.

Photo by Walery, Regent Street.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The subject of one of the interesting social essays of the *Spectator* the other day was upon "The Charm of Rank." It is treated with skill and sagacity; but what strikes one as curious is the conclusion that seems, upon the whole, to be arrived at that persons of title are "looked up to" as much as ever. This may be the case as regards the British elector, who, like Tommy Moore, has always "dearly loved a lord"; but outside the region of politics it is surely far otherwise. It seems to me that there has been no change in social life more marked in recent years than the substitution of indifference to mere rank for what used to be very like servility. When the rank is accompanied by merit, almost of any kind, it is, on the other hand, accepted gladly, like some fair flower found on unpromising soil. For it can hardly be denied that the surroundings from their very cradles of titled persons are not of a nature to develop excellence of character; indeed, if flattery and indulgence and idleness and the absence of honourable ambition (since they have already got everything that they want) are a disadvantage, it is obvious that they are heavily handicapped from a moral point of view. A generation or two ago this fact was ignored. Instead of our admitting that this class of person was really a very respectable one "considering," virtues were freely assigned to it that one would have been surprised to find in those who had been brought up on equal terms with their fellow-creatures.

This illusion, I think, has vanished. The change of attitude towards persons of mere rank in persons of real eminence is especially noteworthy. I am old enough to remember no less a personage than Mr. Gladstone being asked in a law-court whether he was a friend of the Duke (I think) of Newcastle, and replying that he was so, "so far as the difference in their social positions admitted of that relation." Such an answer from such a man would appear in these days nothing less than amazing; but the great statesman has since become very much "at his ease in Zion" as regards the wearers of strawberry-leaves. So in proportion have we all. As the writer in the *Spectator* truly observes, a young politician with a title will take a much shorter time to achieve a position than if he were plain "Mr."; but his rank would avail him in social circles less than it would have done a generation or two ago. Far from being permitted, as of old, to give himself airs, the absence of good manners is resented in him more keenly than if he were a commoner. The appearance of the "Snob Papers" no doubt was accountable for the falling off in the reverence paid to rank, or at all events to the expression of it. People began to be afraid of being thought "snobbish," of which of old they stood in no fear at all. I remember a man much my senior, of great scientific eminence, and with a name (though not a title) to conjure with, giving me a very frank opinion on this subject. "My good Sir," he said, "Thackeray may say what he likes, but for my part I am never so pleased as when my legs are under the mahogany of a person of title."

In the Hungarian menageries a favourite sensation scene is for four whist-players to sit down and play a rubber in the lions' den, while a fifth stands by to see fair play—on the part of the lions. I thought I had played whist under all possible circumstances, and in company with the very strangest specimens of created beings, but this experience is beyond me. Some people are made nervous by folks looking over their hand, which (unless they are my adversaries) does not affect me at all, but I don't think I should like this from a lion: the greater the attention he paid me the less pleased I should feel by the compliment. I am sure I should be very much put out—even if it were evoked by a mistake of my opponent's—if he roared. Hungarian players do not seem to mind these things. The other day, however, it appears this very interesting performance was given once too often. The lions, with delicate forbearance, abstained, it is true, from interfering with the players, but they went for the fifth man, whom they doubtless considered superfluous, and made very short work of him. In spite of the selfishness that is often, though most unjustly, attributed to card-players, the rubber broke up at once.

It has long been a matter of complaint that the literature of our advertisements is not what it ought to be: considering the money invested in a puff, the composition is comparatively inferior, and must, one would think, have cost very little. I have often argued that a reasonable payment for this class of literature would not be thrown away, but to no purpose: perhaps the advertisers thought that I wanted to do a little business in this line myself; which was really an injustice. One would at least expect that the vendors of expensive objects—jewellery, silks and satins, and pianos, for example—would take care that their clients should be addressed in the English to which they have been accustomed. This is seldom at present the case, but one is not without hope that it may become so. That the superior should take a lesson from the inferior is not an unparalleled occurrence, and an example has been set by certain advertisers of vulgar wares which might be followed with advantage. They boast of their merits in

language understood of the People—with a big P—to whom alone they are recommended, and a very remarkable tongue it is: "If you want a Flash of Togs, remember Baggs and don't forget him. . . . Men's Black suits cut saucy, with 12 roll-me-over Buttons down the front, not forgetting the artful pockets for the three white mice to hook on jugs or jugginses." This to some may be a little obscure, but doubtless not to those concerned. It seems to me a very bold innovation in the stereotyped formulas of the advertiser. What literary person supplied it one is at a loss to conjecture; the style is quite strange to me. A friend suggests that there is a *souper* of Pater about it, but that is because he never could understand Pater. It seems to me that, though it is in prose, it is more like "patter," the delightful lyrics Charles Mathews used to sing. Of course, Mr. Baggs is a "champion tailor," but he is also "the only genuine Working Man's Tailor." He has "Cords, Moleskins, Doeskins, &c., cut slap up with Fakement Seams for Lardy Dardy Blades on the High Fly"; also "cut very serious to suit Yokels, Costers, Actors, Bruisers, and Parsons." The appearance of the clergy in this category is unexpected, though none can deny that many of them are "working men." But Mr. Baggs favours the neighbourhood of Fulham with his presence, and, perchance, hopes to add a bishop to his list of customers. At all events, he deserves customers for his originality. In only one instance has he fallen into the usual error of the advertiser: "Busses from all parts pass the door," whereas it is clear Mr. Baggs intends us to understand that they do *not* pass it.

There are but few people who speak well of port wine as a wholesome drink, though of late years there has been that paradoxical change of views about it to which the medical world is subject: what was poison yesterday with them is a panacea to-morrow; but a curious story is told of the recuperative effects of this wine by one who lived in the days of its popularity. A baronet, a friend of his, of a convivial turn, on his return home from a drinking party, was suddenly seized with paralysis, deprived of speech, and, so far as one side of his body was concerned, of movement. "Either from feelings of desperation, or an impulse of mental aberration, he had a bottle of port wine brought to his bedside, and having finished it, he turned with great composure on his side and went to sleep. That gentleman lived long after, his intellect wholly unimpaired, his speech restored, and his general health as good as it ever was; and he long discussed his bottle or two of port wine with apparent impunity."

It is difficult to gauge the depths of human folly, especially when associated with a mistaken view of religion or morality, but the very bottom of it seems to have been reached in the neighbourhood of Blackburn. Certain ministers in that locality, in which there is great distress, and who professed to undertake the rôle of almoners, have declined to take fifty pounds from a generous donor because he is a brewer. Teetotalers may never get drunk, but it seems quite possible for them to go mad. To carry out a principle to the bitter end without much consideration for the effect is a proceeding common enough, but one would really think when to do so is to rob the poor that it would give pause even to the fanatic. If there was the least logic in these people they would perceive that to be consistent the source of each man's wealth ought to be rigorously investigated before he was permitted to make use of it for charitable purposes. He may be a most respectable individual and even a teetotaler, but his father may have been a company promoter. How many generations does it take in the view of these persons to take the smell out of his money? The very least that might be expected from the possessors of such delicate scruples is that they should see that the poor suffered no loss from them, but I see no intimation of the least intention to substitute their own pure gold for the dross of the brewer.

There is, I read, to be an international stamp to carry letters from anywhere all over the world. This will, no doubt, be a considerable convenience, especially to those reckless individuals who are always writing to one from the Continent on their own affairs, and excusing themselves for not prepaying the reply upon the ground that "it is impossible to obtain English stamps here." The impossibility consists in the fact that they thoughtlessly omitted to provide themselves with a shilling's-worth or so before they left England, and have since been too indolent to ask an English correspondent to send them some. The Postal Union is said to be unanimously in favour of the reform in question, with the exception of the United States: which shows that the amateur autograph-hunters there are not quite so numerous as one would imagine. The professional collectors never fail to enclose the necessary number of Queen's heads, whereas the others send one quite a picture-gallery of late or early Presidents, and sometimes a threepenny bit, which ensures one a half-penny in the transaction, or (if it is not effected) six of them.

A clothier and outfitter in his examination in the Bankruptcy Court has made some singular revelations. He says that the custom of some persons in his vocation is to mark the cost of their goods with a private sign,

and to leave it to their assistants "to get what they could out of the customers"! A good-natured-looking person is charged twenty per cent., whereas one with a keen and business-like look is only asked five per cent. If Lavater had only known this, his ideas of physiognomy would have expanded; but it is not too late for the world at large to profit by the information. The most intelligent-looking member of the family must now be sent out to bargain. If there is a doubt about which has the pull in this respect, the price at which he gets things will settle the matter.

An enterprising hypnotist offers, if permitted, to hypnotise any one of us, put us in a coffin, and bury us for a definite period, "the subject to be eventually exhumed and restored to consciousness." This last performance is important. Considering the extreme severity of the weather, one feels a temptation to arrange with this gentleman. The terms for hibernation are not stated, but one would give what one had to become oblivious to salted snow, twelve degrees of frost, and the results of burst water-pipes.

The dodges of young gentlemen to escape from their studies have been many and various. A youth in the Midlands who had been in a normal state till the commencement of his education developed signs of being deaf and dumb, and as instruction was obviously impossible, he was removed to the Deaf and Dumb School at Manchester. After several months of delightful idleness, or at all events of very elementary schooling, he has come out of his long conspiracy of silence, and hears and talks like anybody else. Folks may talk of the equality of the sexes, but you would never get a girl to practise this form of malingering with the same success.

Art and literature are in these days generally found in company—indeed it has become the fashion to call literature art, which to simple minds is a little confusing; but they are seldom such companions in misfortune as happened the other day. A painter brought an action for ten pounds, the amount of his bill, for the portrait of a young lady who had been sitting for it every Saturday for twelve months. Four shillings a day does not seem an unreasonable sum to ask for one's professional services, but the young lady's father refused to pay it, on the ground that the picture was a daub. The artist was quite of a different opinion, and subpoenaed a friend, who pronounced it an excellent likeness; but then he had never seen the original. "The picture was a good one, not worth two thousand pounds, perhaps, the price Sir John Millais commanded, but Millais had painted worse pictures." Full of curiosity, the judge inquired "What pictures?" but there was no response. Eventually the poor fellow did not get even his ten pounds; yet I daresay, in his heart of hearts, he thought he was almost as good as Sir John, a pleasing illusion which a mere decision in a County Court is not likely to destroy. On the very same day a novelist sued a publisher for the loss of his precious manuscript, which had somehow gone astray. He put the price of fifty pounds upon it, which, so far as my experience goes, seems amazingly modest. If one publishes a novel, the amount to be paid for it may be much or little; but if another loses it, its value becomes enormously increased. "I only asked fifty pounds," said the plaintiff, evidently astonished at his moderation, "whereas Mr. Black gets a thousand pounds for quite a short novel." The judge, however, applied another rule of proportion to the case. "Milton got fifteen pounds for his 'Paradise Lost'; I think two pounds will pay you well." That an artist and an author should have been brought down so many pegs on the same afternoon is as curious as it is deplorable.

A friend sends me an excellent story, illustrative of the present passion for a certain popular game. A young man was paying his attentions to a "beloved object" contrary to the wishes of her family, and, persevering in it, was seized upon one day by her father, "a man of thews and sinews," and kicked violently into the street. In a day or two (after recovery) he called at the house once more. "What, again?" exclaimed Paterfamilias, pulling on his boots for action. "No, no," said the young man, "I have given up all hope of winning your daughter, but in consequence of what took place the other day, I have been requested by a unanimous meeting of the committee to ask you to join our football club!"

"Verify quotation" is an admirable precept which, I am sorry to say, indolence often forbids me to follow, though somebody—indeed, half-a-dozen folks—is sure to find me out. The letters one gets upon the subject are not written with the feather end of the pen. "Is it possible that you are so ignorant of literature as—" or, "One would have thought every schoolboy knew that," etc., "When a writer professes to instruct others, it is really unpardonable," and so on. But it seems in the pulpit one may misquote to any extent without discovery; the congregation no doubt taking it for granted that their minister must be right. A correspondent tells me that he was in a Presbyterian chapel the other day when the preacher said, "As the aged patriarch, my brethren, so truly observed, 'Skin for skin—yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life.'" Not a smile betrayed that anyone had noticed anything amiss about that patriarch.



## THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

The Ministerial ship has not been swamped by the rather formidable waves that threatened its existence in the debate on the Address. By an adroit concession to Mr. Keir Hardie, Sir William Harcourt checkmated the Opposition amendment touching the question of agricultural distress and the unemployed. A Committee of the House of Commons is to be appointed to inquire into the depression. It is an old device. Some cynics think the Committee will sit, and nothing will come of it. In the first flush of joy Mr. Keir Hardie, who is not an experienced Parliamentarian, suggested that the Committee might report in a fortnight. But whether the inquiry should bear practical fruit or not, it served the immediate purpose of helping the Government in a critical emergency. They came out of the first serious tussle of the Session with a majority of twelve. The task of beating Mr. John Redmond was not so ticklish. Mr. Redmond demanded an immediate dissolution on the ground that the Liberal party were false to their Irish pledges. Mr. Gladstone had said that "Ireland blocked the way"; but now the Government were engaged in an elaborate programme which had nothing to do with Ireland. The British constituencies were taught to regard Home Rule as shelved. All that the genius of Parnell had achieved had been sacrificed. The Irish had nothing to hope from this Government; therefore Ministers ought to be forced to appeal to the country on Home Rule, and Home Rule alone. Mr. John Morley objected in reply that among other things the Government desired to effect this session was the passage of an Irish Land Bill, which was desired by the Irish farmers without distinction of party. Yet Mr. Redmond wanted to burke that measure. He wanted, too, to put in power the Tory party, who would simply revert to coercion. What was Ireland to gain by an alliance of that kind? Mr. Balfour repudiated the idea of any alliance with Mr. Redmond. Here was an amendment to turn the Government out, and it was Mr. Balfour's duty to support it with that object. He made some excellent banter of Mr. Morley's description of popular feeling with regard to Home Rule. The first raptures of the honeymoon were over, and were succeeded by settled indifference.

After this came Mr. Healy, who made mincemeat of Mr. Redmond. The whole House shrieked with laughter at Mr. Healy's picture of the Parnellites giving their votes to the Tory party for nothing. Never before had Irish votes been disposed of on the principle of "Early Christian altruism." "Why, you don't even ask for sixpence off the whisky tax!" This sketch of Mr. Redmond's magnanimity made that gentleman smile in a rather sickly way. But worse remained behind. Mr. Healy had some terrible quotations from Mr. Redmond's speeches to his constituents. They were told that it would be a good thing to put the Tories in office, for, though Home Rule would be shelved, something might be got out of a Tory Government. And yet Mr. Redmond had asked the House to turn out the Liberal Government for this very offence of shelving Home Rule, and although the Government were striving to pass a Land Bill! At this thrust Mr. Redmond looked very sick indeed. So far as his particular position was concerned, the thrust was generally regarded as fatal. It did not affect the Unionists, who, as Mr. Balfour said, had a perfect right to support any amendment which, if successful, would have the effect of ejecting the Government and precipitating a dissolution. And there seemed to be a certain uneasiness on the Conservative benches. The debate was carried on in that quarter with some languor, and an anxiety on the part of every speaker to make it clear that, while voting with Mr. Redmond, he did not support Mr. Redmond's views. In the division that followed it was evident that some Conservatives had carried their uneasiness to the point of abstaining, for in spite of the Parnellite vote, the Government majority went up to twenty.

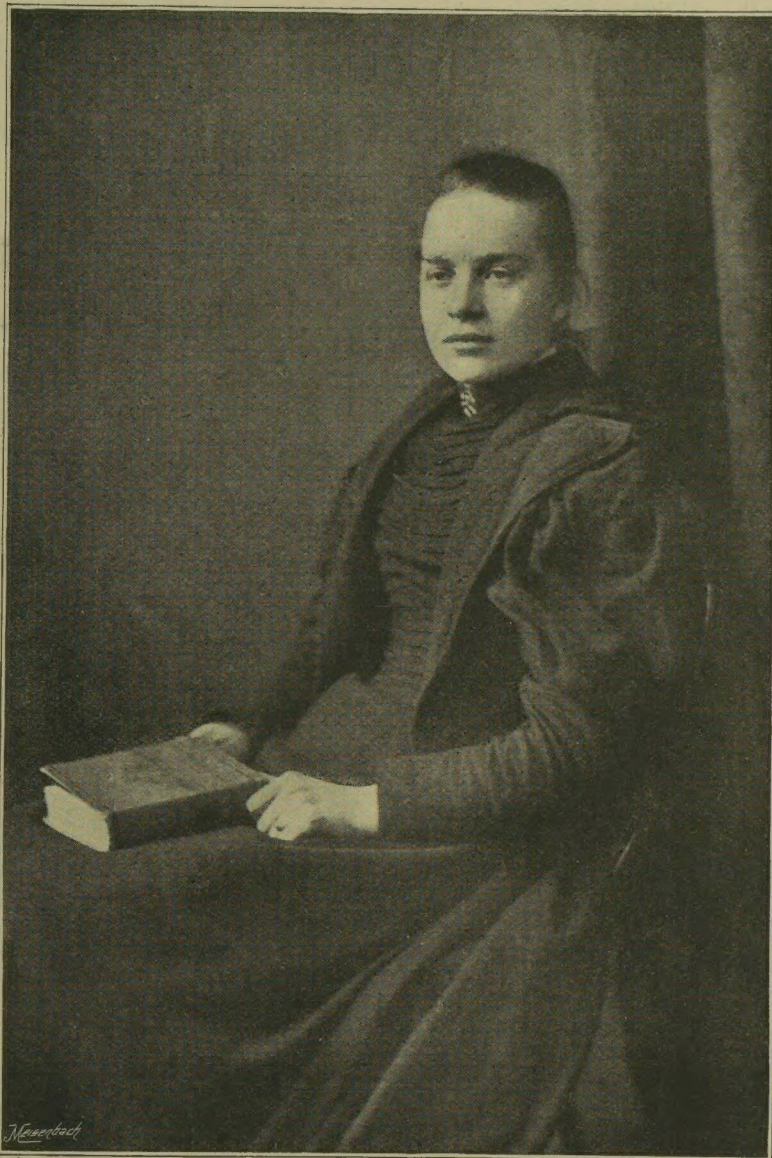
Another Irish amendment, moved by Colonel Nolan, dealt with the distress in Ireland, and drew from Mr. Morley a statement which illustrated in a curious way the difference between the methods of administration in Ireland and England. The Chancellor of the Exchequer a few days earlier had denied that the Government was in any way responsible for lack of employment, and that to provide the unemployed with work the State would have to monopolise all the trades in the country. But Mr. Morley practically admitted the responsibility of the Irish Government for the destitution in Ireland, and the necessity for public relief. He announced that a number of labourers would be at once engaged in mending roads, that outdoor relief would be given in cases of acute distress, and that, to meet the necessary expenditure, he would ask the House for eighty thousand pounds. Needless to say the Irish members promptly declared that this was not enough, and proceeded to rate Mr. Morley on his aptitude for listening to bad advice on Ireland. Mr. Swift MacNeill almost wept when he thought what an admirable Chief Secretary Mr. Morley would make if he always gave ear to the right people—Mr. MacNeill,

no doubt, among them. Colonel Nolan's amendment came to naught, and so did Mr. Naoroji's. Mr. Naoroji clings with affecting tenacity to the belief that the House of Commons can be induced to listen to speeches about India. So he delivered to empty benches a plaintive wail about the financial condition of the Indian Empire, to which Mr. Henry Fowler replied with a tornado of figures which took my breath away.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## FRÄULEIN ANNA BÖCKER.

The one woman who was rescued from the *Elbe* has naturally excited much sympathetic interest. Fräulein Böcker is but nineteen years old, and wears her honours very modestly. Not even the visit which she paid on Feb. 11 to Osborne, by command, and the kindly interviews granted to her by the Queen and the Empress Frederick have succeeded in altering her quiet demeanour. In a chat with our photographer, she said (referring to the wreck of the *Elbe*) that all was going well till she heard a crash. She at once left her cabin and went on deck, when she saw the state of affairs, and realised to some extent the danger the ship was in. She again went below, for next to her cabin was an invalid lady, whom



FRÄULEIN BÖCKER, THE ONLY WOMAN SAVED FROM THE "ELBE" DISASTER.  
Photographed in the costume in which she was shipwrecked, by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

she assisted to dress, which occupied about ten minutes. She returned to deck as well as she could in the rush, taking her dressing-gown with her. Standing by her was a gentleman, almost without clothing, shivering with cold, to whom she gave her dressing-gown. Fräulein Böcker was one of those who got into the first boat that was put off, and which capsized. After extricating herself she clung to the upturned boat till the second one was lowered. Seeing there was yet another chance, she swam towards it, but on reaching the boat the sailors tried to prevent her from being taken in. Then one of her fellow-passengers said, "No; it is a woman, and we will have her in," and assisted to get her into the boat. During those five dreadful hours which followed she tried to encourage those with her with cheering words, and as she lay in the bottom of the boat, held the compass in her hand. When the line thrown from the *Wildflower* became detached and the life-boat drifted away, all hope of being saved was lost; however, they were again reached and brought alongside. Those remaining with her in the boat were about to scramble on deck when that noble man, the captain of the *Wildflower*, said: "I see you have a woman in the boat; before you come on board she must be got out," which was done. Fräulein Böcker can never forget what a debt of gratitude she owes to him. She is now living at Portsmouth with Mr. and Mrs. Cosens Prior, who accompanied her on her visit to the Queen.

## PRINCE EDWARD OF YORK.

All her Majesty's loyal subjects are interested in the youthful heir to the throne. The infant son of the Duke and Duchess of York is "thriving," to quote the language of the nursery, exceedingly well, and is entirely unaffected by the intense cold or the debates in Parliament. Both these will doubtless become in due course things with which Prince Edward will have to reckon. He has displayed keen delight at the return of his grandmother, the Princess of Wales, who always manages to make friends with little children. The Queen possesses already several different portraits of the young Prince, who has up to the present time proved an excellent subject for the photographer.

## THE VAGARIES OF THE WEATHER.

For the first time since 1854 the mouth of the river Medway, from Sheerness Dockyard to the Isle of Grain, is frozen over. Floating ice has been deposited by the incoming tide, and thus created a large tract of packed ice stretching from shore to shore. Outside the harbour an ice-field, nearly a mile in breadth, extends for about eight miles along the Sheppey coast, presenting an extraordinary spectacle. Our Illustration shows the state of the harbour after a blizzard. From all parts of the kingdom come reports of similar severity in the weather. The various London parks have rarely been so thronged at this time of the year as lately, when thousands of skaters have been disporting themselves on the frozen lakes and ponds. The ornamental water in Dulwich Park made a particularly pretty picture, and the same might be said of Finsbury, Clissold, and Victoria Parks. In the last-named place the ice has been over four inches in thickness, and the average nightly attendance of skaters has been 20,000. The large ponds on Hampstead Heath have been favourite resorts, as the ice on them has been kept well swept. The eleven Spartans who insist on a morning bath willy-nilly actually had their usual dip in the bathing pond, despite the fact that twenty-seven degrees of frost were registered. The Duke of York and his sisters have been recently skating in the grounds of Buckingham Palace, which ordinarily are little frequented; and an exciting game of hockey has been played by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and a party of friends. This recalls the story told by the late Sir John Astley of his introduction to the Prince being brought about by his skill in hockey on the ice.

MR. W. B. RICHMOND'S MOSAICS  
AT ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

Although the series of mosaics which Mr. W. B. Richmond, A.R.A., has been commissioned to execute for St. Paul's Cathedral is far from complete, enough has been exposed to public view to justify the confidence of those who urged the employment of this versatile and highly qualified artist. Mr. Richmond is no servile imitator of other workers in mosaic; he has individual views, and started on this important decorative work with the idea that the special conditions of London atmosphere and light required a style recalling as far as possible that of the earlier basilicas of Italy and the East. In addition to broad views on the subject of church ornamentation and a technical knowledge of mosaic work acquired by long study, Mr. Richmond brought to his task a deep sense of the religious teaching his work was to convey to the eye. He undertook the decoration of the roof and upper part of the apse, the sanctuary bay, and one of the bays of the choir. Of the three panels of the apse, the centre contains a simple mosaic of our Lord in Glory—broadly treated; the side panels represent the recording angels of good and bad deeds. Below them are six figures, representing the Christian virtues, and in the sanctuary bays the sacrifice of Noah and Melchisedek blessing Abraham have already been completed. Besides these, one of the bays of the choir has been decorated with a design representing one of the days of the Creation—that of the birds. For all this work, which has occupied Mr. Richmond during the past four years, to the exclusion of nearly all other art, he has furnished not only the designs, but has instructed and superintended the workmen employed in carrying them out. Having absolutely refused to make use of the flat modern mosaic and its method, he applied to Messrs Powell, of Whitefriars, to produce tesserae which bore some affinity to those used by the mosaic workers of the earlier periods (fifth to ninth centuries). These tesserae, at least a quarter of an inch in thickness, are attached to the wall by cement, and when one is told that considerably over three millions of them have already been employed, the amount of labour expended can be appreciated. Those who have visited the Cathedral since Mr. Richmond's work has been uncovered will admit that he has fulfilled his promise to relieve that splendid building of its "dull, cavernous, and unsympathetic" aspect. But to carry out Mr. Richmond's ideas in their completeness, and to help the Decorative Committee to the achievement of its aim, will require a generous and sustained reply to their appeal for funds.





REGENT'S PARK.



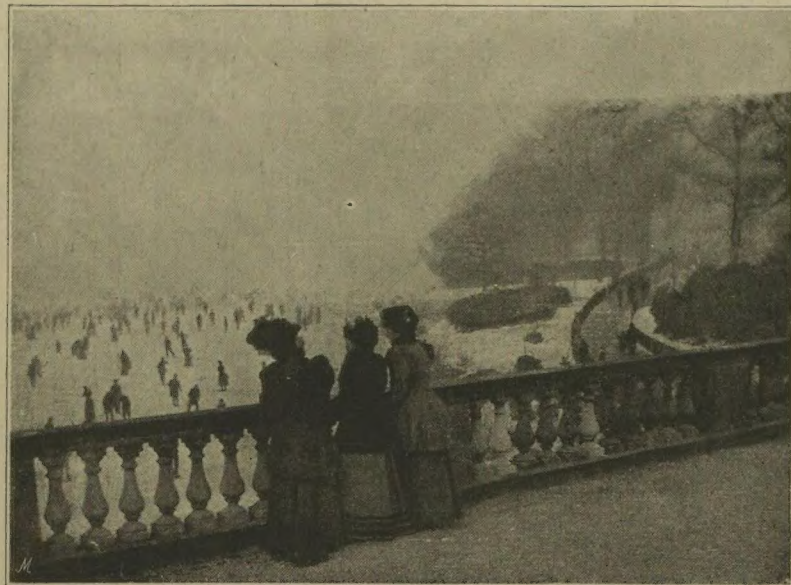
THE SERPENTINE.



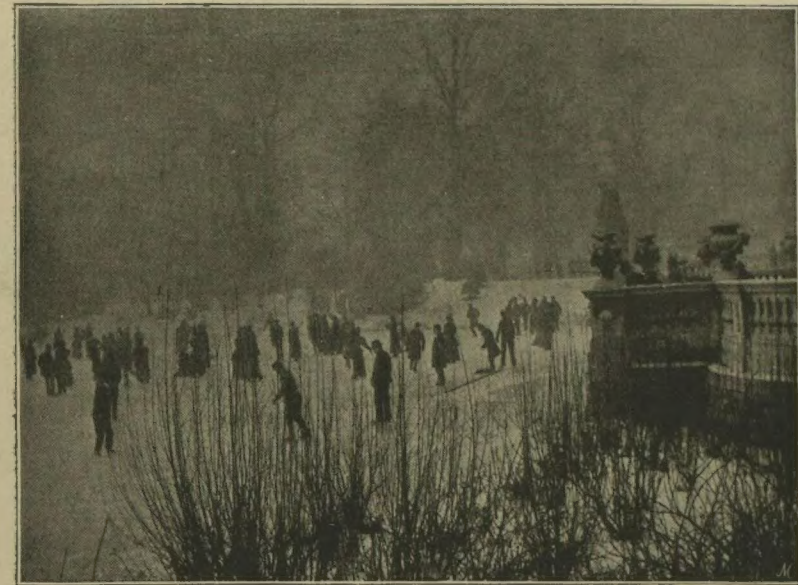
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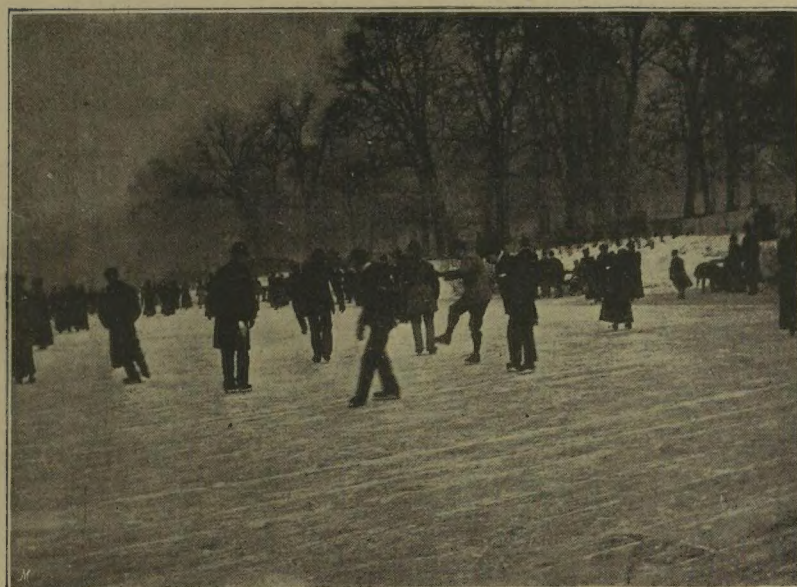
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THE SERPENTINE.



THE SERPENTINE.



THE SERPENTINE.



THE SERPENTINE.  
SKATING IN LONDON.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET.



HIGHGATE PONDS.



### "A LEADER OF MEN."

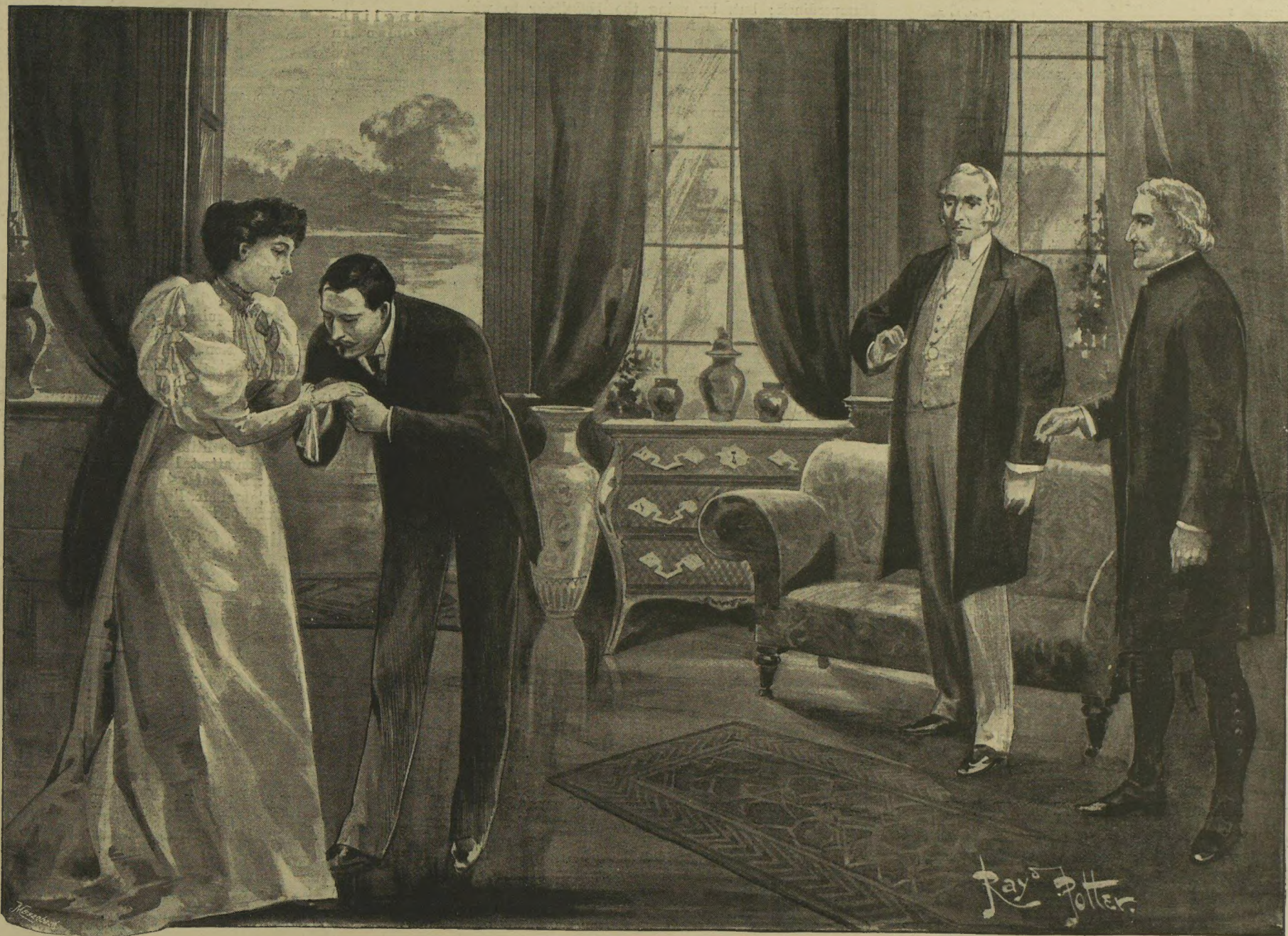
Mr. Comyns Carr has introduced a new writer to the stage, and there is sufficient promise in Mr. Charles Ward's play at the Comedy to give the dramatic critic the rare pleasure of encouraging a beginner. Not that it is difficult to find fault with "A Leader of Men." Mr. Ward has taken the private life of politicians as the groundwork of his drama. He shows us a Prime Minister who takes three lumps of sugar in his tea, and behaves like a rather feeble family physician. The hero is a Labour leader who falls in love with a married woman, and alarms his party by showing an inclination to sacrifice everything to his passion. I found it difficult to believe that Labour politics ever had any tremendous urgency in Mr. Fred Terry's mind. Mrs. Dundas belongs socially to the Prime Minister's side, especially as the statesman with three lumps of sugar is her trustee, and has been her closest friend and counsellor since her

Then the Labour leader, who has very unprepossessing manners, and becomes moody or violent on the smallest provocation, shows a surprising readiness to believe that his lady-love has betrayed him. When he is not insulting her in the presence of others he is quite willing to listen to the suggestion that she is manœuvring in the interests of the three-lumps-of-sugar man to remove such a formidable foe from the path of the Government. The play was in grave danger in the last act, when, in the absence of Mrs. Dundas, who has been summoned to the death-bed of her husband, and, oddly enough, does not think it necessary to leave a message apprising her lover of this most important and most opportune circumstance—he is warned once more that she is faithless, and gives way to shortsighted fury.

On the other hand, the character of Mrs. Dundas is drawn with some skill, and is played by Miss Marion Terry with such exquisite tenderness that the best moments in the play aroused genuine enthusiasm.

### THE WAR IN EASTERN ASIA.

The Japanese fleet and army have successfully completed their attack on the second important Chinese naval arsenal, Wei-hai-Wei. After capturing all the forts on the mainland around the harbour, the entrance thereto was cleared of obstructions; and on the night of Sunday, Feb. 4, the Japanese torpedo-boats came in and assailed the Chinese war-ships lying there. Operations continued next day. The large ironclad *Ting-Yuen* was sunk in shallow water; and the *Wei-Yuen*, the *Lai-Yuen*, and the *Chen-Yuen* were successively blown up: other vessels were captured, Admiral Ting making his escape. Some Chinese torpedo-boats got away unpursued, but three were overtaken by cruisers of the Japanese squadron. Troops, sailors, and marines landed on the island of Leu-kung-tau, which is situated in the harbour, and stormed the forts in that island. In the next two or three days, more forces having been landed on that



MRS. DUNDAS (MISS MARION TERRY). ROBERT LLEWELYN (MR. FRED TERRY):  
"True as truth itself."

LORD KILLARNEY (MR. W. DENNIS). ARCHDEACON BALDWIN (MR. J. CARR).

"A LEADER OF MEN," THE NEW PLAY AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

husband, who is a scamp, took himself off. The husband wants to come back, and the Prime Minister advises her to receive him, especially as the Labour leader's attentions have become compromising. There is an archdeacon whose archidiaconal function, when he is not drinking tea, is to add the strength of his persuasion to the Prime Minister's. There is a lady who has a tender regard for the Labour leader, and who is convinced that Mrs. Dundas is betraying his secrets to the enemy. And among several M.P.'s there is one who makes it his business to circulate malicious paragraphs about the charming hostess and her cordial relations with the incorruptible champion of the working classes. Altogether, there is a pretty kettle of fish, and I cannot say that the mixture of political and private intrigue is compounded by a master hand. Mr. Ward is evidently an optimist about women, and there is a scene between the two ladies who lay claim to the Labour leader's affections—a scene in which a woman stung by jealousy is so charmed by her rival's goodness that she withdraws magnanimously from the field. I sadly fear this was received by the entire house with absolute incredulity.

Happy the young author to whom such an actress is vouchsafed! There are certain moods of womanly sweetness, a certain vein of delicate sentiment, in which this artist is without a peer. In this case Miss Marion Terry is a wife who has suffered the last extremity of outrage, and who is yet urged to take back her worthless husband or forfeit the income he allows her. And the final appeal is that she shall do this to save her name from contamination. The speech in which she repudiates these canons of morals and social duty is something to hear. It is delivered with a passionate sense of injustice by an actress who has an irresistible power of sympathy. This scene ought to make Mr. Ward's play. It has some tedious approaches; and it is followed by a dangerous anti-climax. It is quite right, of course, that Miss Terry should not run away with the Labour leader, and her husband's death makes that unnecessary; but this way out of the difficulty produces an inevitable sense of flatness. It says a good deal for Mr. Ward, however, that he has given Miss Terry an opportunity for a most touching portrayal of a true woman. That is why "A Leader of Men" deserves to be seen.

A.

coast, they advanced westward to Chefoo, one of the ports inhabited by European residents, many of whom, as well as large numbers of the Chinese, hastened to leave that city. There is, however, a sufficient force of European ships of war at Chefoo, including the British squadron under Admiral Fremantle, to protect foreigners there. It is stated that the Japanese fleet and army lost but a few hundred men in all the fighting at Wei-hai-Wei; but the flotilla of torpedo-boats was greatly injured by the fire from the Chinese ships and forts, and has been towed away to Port Arthur for repairs. Those torpedo-boats also suffered damage from an accidental mistake of the Japanese gunners at the western forts previously captured, who fired upon them as they crept in at night, believing them to be Chinese. There was a violent gale of wind and thick snow; the decks and sides of all the vessels were covered with ice, and many of the men were frostbitten while they still kept on fighting. Admiral Ito, the Japanese naval commander-in-chief, may well be proud of the behaviour of all who were engaged in this action. The land force, under General Oyama, has also won additional renown by taking the forts of Wei-hai-Wei.



## PERSONAL.

Whatever may be thought of Lord Rosebery's treatment of imperial politics there seems to be a general consensus of opinion that as a bishop-maker he is a decided success. His appointment of the Rev. Dr. Percival to the Bishopric of Hereford has been received with almost a chorus of praise throughout the country. Of course Churchmen do not like the Bishop-Designate's politics, yet they recognise that a man who has expressed a strong political opinion—and Dr. Percival's statements on the Disestablishment of the Church in Wales have been particularly outspoken—is not thereby debarred from having his work recognised as it deserves. There can be no question at all but that the Head Master of Rugby is a man of brilliant attainments, and that his appointment will shed lustre upon the Episcopal Bench at a time when it is supposed to be lacking in distinction.

At Oxford Dr. John Percival had a remarkably successful and distinguished career. He was a scholar and Fellow of Queen's, and took a Double First in "Mods" and also in the final schools. He was ordained in 1860 by Bishop Wilberforce, but the whole of his work in the Church has been of an educational character. He does not seem to have held any parochial charge whatever, and he will add one more to the long list of schoolmaster bishops. He served under Dr. Temple at Rugby from 1860 to 1862, during which time began a friendship which has lasted unbroken to the present day. When Dr. Temple was made Bishop of Exeter he appointed Dr. Percival, who in the meantime had succeeded to the Head Mastership of Clifton, to be his examining chaplain—a post he also held for a short time on the Bishop's translation to London. He also received a prebendal stall in the Cathedral of the West.

Dr. Percival's sixteen years' work at Clifton (1862-78) was a monument of useful and abiding labour, and his name will ever be associated with the college as that of the man who really "made" it. In 1878 his school work, for a time at least, came to a close. He was appointed President of Trinity College, Oxford, a post he held with distinction until 1887, when, upon the preferment of Dr. Jex-Blake to the deanery of Wells, he was elected to the Head Mastership of Rugby School. He has proved a worthy successor of Arnold and Temple, and under him the great public school of the Midlands has more than maintained its well-established reputation. He held a canonry of Bristol from 1882 to 1887. He has not written much beyond one or two volumes of school sermons, but he has a cultured and refined style, and his mind has ever been open to a careful consideration of many of the pressing social problems of our time.

The arrival of the overdue French liner *La Gascogne* at New York has rejoiced the public of both hemispheres. There had been painful anxiety for nearly a week about the fate of this steamer, but it seems that she was never in any danger, and that the delay was due to the breaking of a piston-rod. There was far more nervousness in Paris and New York than there was on board *La Gascogne*. A debate in the Reichstag, by the way, on the loss of the *Elbe*, displayed a certain heedlessness. It was taken for granted that the *Crathie* was entirely to blame for the awful disaster to the German liner. In this country we come to a conclusion of that kind only after a formal and impartial inquiry.

A great career closed on Jan. 31 in the death of Privy Commercial Councillor Hermann Gruson, founder of the world-famed Gruson Works in Magdeburg. He was born on March 13, 1821, and laid the foundation-stone of the present works in 1868. He was the inventor of chilled cast-iron armour turrets, which have so far not been equalled for coast and inland defence purposes. He retired from active business in 1891, and the Gruson Works, which had been turned into a joint-stock company in 1886, were amalgamated with the firm of Herr Krupp, in Essen, in 1893. English and foreign officers from all parts of the globe who were fortunate enough to be present at the well-known firing trials in Magdeburg in the autumn of 1890

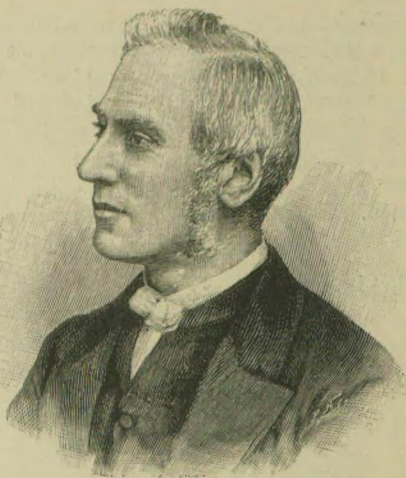


Photo by Speight.  
THE REV. DR. PERCIVAL,  
Bishop-Designate of Hereford.

will not easily forget the tall and commanding appearance of the deceased. He was one of those mighty sons of the Fatherland who have contributed so much to the commercial prosperity and renown of Germany abroad.

Sir Alexander Campbell Mackenzie's first lecture on National Music, delivered at the Royal Institute on Saturday, Feb. 9, dealt, for its particular instance, with Humperdinck's "Hänsel und Gretel." The most prominent portions of the opera were performed, as it were, *en famille* by Mdlle. Douste, Mdlle. Elba, and Mr. Charles Copland. The lecturer, following in the train of Wagner, laid much stress upon the development of national music, and the importance of such a development. This is perhaps scarcely the place to go into the question with any fullness, but we are by no means disposed to agree with his views upon that extreme importance.

To put the matter very briefly, we regard national music as a fact of art already accomplished. The various collections of folk-music are there and there, and musicians of one nationality are perfectly at liberty to employ the stores of another nationality and produce as "national" an opera as Humperdinck's "Hänsel" itself; for the purely musical accomplishment of Humperdinck's opera belongs to no particular nationality at all. Sir A. Mackenzie is not, perhaps, so inspired a musician as Humperdinck; but, by using the *Vollständiger* to which Humperdinck has had recourse, the Scottish musician might have written an extremely respectable German opera. We do not, therefore, particularly agree with all this general talk about national music.

Sir William Harcourt ought really to rub up his Shakspeare. He compared himself the other night to Henry IV., and Mr. Goschen to Harry Hotspur trying on the crown. Nobody who heard him seemed to have been aware that he had confused Hotspur with Prince Hal, though Macaulay's schoolboy must have stood aghast at such ignorance. Shakspeare is neglected nowadays by the compilers of Blue Books, but a man of Sir William Harcourt's education might have been expected to avoid a blunder so gross.

Mr. Thomas George Fardell was elected without opposition, on Feb. 9, as Conservative member for South Paddington, the seat vacated by the death of Lord Randolph Churchill. The new M.P., who is the fifty-first entering St. Stephen's since the General Election of 1892, is sixty-one years of age. He is the only surviving son of the late Rev. Henry Fardell, who was Canon of Ely, and was educated at Eton, and Christ Church, Oxford. After being called to the Bar of Lincoln's Inn he joined the Norfolk Circuit. He was formerly a Registrar in Bankruptcy at Manchester. Mr. Fardell married the only daughter of the late Mr. Henry S. Oldfield, of the Bengal Civil Service. He has taken a leading part in Paddington politics, was the chairman of the late member's election committee, represented the district on the Metropolitan Board of Works, and has been a member of the London County Council since 1889. As Chairman of the Licensing Committee his name has constantly come into public notice.

The extraordinary winter which has burst upon us in February shows strange tenacity. That the Thames should be frozen over seven weeks after Christmas is an event that may well stagger the oldest inhabitant. At Kingston a horse and cart have crossed the river on the ice. The Serpentine is the scene of a nightly carnival. Even frozen water-pipes are picturesque, as in Grafton Street, where the escaping water has been petrified into a column of ice from the roof of a house to the doorstep.

There is no part of London so mysterious as the gardens of Buckingham Palace. The frost has brought gaiety into those secluded groves, for the Princess of Wales has had daily skating parties on the lake, visible to enterprising spectators on the tops of omnibuses. Considering that its opportunities of skating are so few, London has devoted itself to this pastime with remarkable ease and dexterity. A vagrant charged before a magistrate once explained that he had been out of work for ten months. When asked his employment, he reflected for a time, and then said he was a skate-fastener. That gentleman must be pretty active now. The cry of "Skates on 'ire! Skates hon or hoff!" is as melodious along the banks of the Serpentine as a bird-call.

Even the thermometer was deranged by the weather. Mr. Symons, F.R.S., has given elaborate instructions to prevent the thermometer from frightening people to death by registering impossibly low temperatures. You must wave it about with a slow pendulum motion, and then turn it upside down for a while. This process is quite an athletic exercise, which serves the double purpose of keeping the thermometer in order and of keeping you warm.

Cardinal Vaughan has thought it worth while to deny the statement that he has undertaken the conversion of Princess Maud of Wales to the Roman Catholic Church, in order to make her a fitting bride for the Prince of Naples. That idle story has caused some amusement in this country. Princesses are always being married by the newspapers, but the supposed engagement of Princess Maud to the

Prince of Naples was rather too extravagant a flight of fancy. It is not possible for an English Princess to marry a Catholic Prince.

Mr. Reginald Stuart Poole, LL.D., who died at his residence in Kensington on Feb. 8, had been Keeper of Coins and Medals at the British Museum from 1870 to 1893, having entered the Institution in 1852 as Assistant in the Antiquities Department. Born on Feb. 27, 1832, he was the son of the Rev. E. Poole, and of the authoress of "The Englishwoman in Egypt." With her he passed much of his youth at Cairo, under the special tuition of his uncle Edward Lane, the celebrated author of "The Modern Egyptians," translator of "The Arabian Nights," and compiler of the standard Arabic Dictionary. Hence he became an Orientalist as well as a numismatist, and took throughout his life an especial interest in Egypt and Egyptology, writing "Horæ Egyptiacæ" and the article "Egypt" in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and actively promoting the work of the Egyptian Exploration Fund.

As Keeper of the Coins and Medals, Mr. Poole distinguished his administration by the publication of a most valuable and extensive series of catalogues of the treasures of his department, which before his time had been inaccessible except to inquirers. Not many of these catalogues were actually executed by him, but all passed under his revision. In 1885 he succeeded Sir Charles Newton as Yates Professor of Archaeology at University College, and did much to popularise the study, and render the collections at the Museum better known through his system of illustrating the former by the latter. He was generally beloved for the amiability of his disposition; and, though he wrote little except on archaeological subjects, his conversation attested his great literary knowledge and unusual breadth of culture. He was uncle to Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole and Mr. Reginald Lane-Poole, both well known in the world of letters.

Mr. Clement Higgins, Q.C., the Liberal member for Mid-Norfolk, who has seceded from his party, is Recorder of Birkenhead, and author of a standard work on Patent Law. It seems that he desired to retire from Parliamentary life some time ago owing to his objection to the course taken by the Government in Irish affairs. He is now openly opposed to the policy which the Liberal party have adopted with regard to the House of Lords.

Mr. Forbes Robertson, who, unfortunately for "King Arthur," is compelled to resign the part of Lancelot, and return to the Garrick for Mr. Pinero's new play, has, we understand, formed a syndicate to support him in his new venture as a manager. Some time next autumn Mr. Forbes Robertson will enter desperately on the experiment of management. He has several new plays, and will begin with a drama by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones.

For more than one hundred and twenty years the solicitors to the Bank of England have included Freshfields.

The late Mr. Henry Ray Freshfield, who died on Feb. 8, had been a sharer for forty years in this proud record. Latterly he had pursued the quiet life of a country gentleman at his Sussex seat, and it was there he passed away at the age of eighty-one. The younger son of the late Mr. J. W. Freshfield, who sat in Parlia-



Photo by Elliott and Fry.  
THE LATE MR. H. R. FRESHFIELD.

ment for several years, he was educated at Charterhouse, and articled to the firm in Bank Buildings. At quite a youthful age he became a partner, and was appointed joint solicitor, with his brother, Mr. C. K. Freshfield, to the Bank. The great Bidwell case, in which forgery to the amount of £100,000 was committed, was conducted by the firm of Freshfields with untiring ability, equalled since then by the Vagliano case, which will be a "classic" in financial circles. The late Mr. Freshfield was an ardent promoter of open spaces, served as a magistrate and a County Councillor, and was High Sheriff of Sussex in 1885.

The memorial to the late Bishop of St. Albans, recently illustrated in our pages, was sculptured by Mr. J. Forsyth, in his studio at Hampstead. The effigy is executed in statuary marble; the cenotaph, in alabaster and coloured marbles, was designed by the honorary architect, Mr. J. Oldrid Scott.



Photo by C. A. Voigt.  
THE LATE HERR GRUSON.



## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Osborne, on Thursday afternoon, Feb. 7, received her eldest daughter, the German Empress Frederick, Princess Royal of Great Britain, who came from Flushing in the royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*, landed at East Cowes, where she was met on the pier by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and was welcomed at Osborne House by the Queen and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein. Her Majesty comes to London and holds a Drawing-Room at Buckingham Palace on Feb. 19, and there will be another Drawing-Room on March 4.

The great disaster of the sinking of the *Elbe* by collision with a British steamer, the *Crathie*, in the North Sea, has continued to be a subject of comment. In Germany it has provoked unfavourable remarks on the delay of our Government to agree to the proposed international rules, framed by that of the United States, for the passing of vessels which approach each other at sea. The German Empress Frederick, a day or two after her arrival at Osborne, graciously invited Miss Anna Böcker, the only woman rescued from the *Elbe*, to visit her; and that young German lady, with Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Prior, of Portsmouth, in whose house she lives, went to Osborne on Monday, Feb. 11. She had an interesting conversation with the Empress, and was presented to the Queen and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught.

The Princess of Wales, having returned from her absence of three months in Russia and Denmark to rejoin the Prince of Wales and his family at Marlborough House, their Royal Highnesses, with the Duke and Duchess of York, remain some days in London. On Friday, Feb. 15, the Prince of Wales holds a Levée on behalf of the Queen at St. James's Palace.

Their Royal Highnesses, with the Duke and Duchess of York, the Duke and Duchess of Fife, and Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, on Feb. 8 visited the General Post Office, where they were received by the Right Hon. Arnold Morley, Postmaster-General, and Mr. Spencer Walpole, Secretary of the Post Office, and were shown all that is most interesting in that establishment. The younger members of the Prince of Wales's family have enjoyed the exercise of skating on the ice of the ornamental water in the garden of Buckingham Palace.

The Prince of Wales, accompanied by the Duke of York, is to open the new buildings of the Royal United Service Institution, adjacent to the Banqueting Hall of Whitehall Palace, on Feb. 20. Their Royal Highnesses are patrons of the bazaar and exhibition held on Tuesday, Feb. 13, and two following days, at the official residence of Earl Spencer, the First Lord of the Admiralty, to aid the fund for the restoration of the church of Burnham Thorpe, Norfolk, the birthplace of Admiral Lord Nelson.

The opening of this bazaar, at three o'clock in the afternoon on Tuesday, was attended by the Duke and Duchess of York, but without any formal ceremony. It has been arranged by Lady Spencer, with the assistance of Prince Victor of Hohenlohe, Countess Gleichen, the Countess of Leicester, the Countess of Clanwilliam, Viscountess Downe, and Lady Iveagh. The contents of the loan exhibition are chiefly relics and memorials of Nelson and of the naval achievements with which his fame is associated, including some articles contributed by Greenwich Hospital, which have long been familiar to the public eye.

The wedding of the Hon. Nora Harbord, eldest daughter of Lord Suffield, to Sir Richard Musgrave, Bart, of Eden Hall, Cumberland, on Saturday, Feb. 9, at St. Peter's Church, Vere Street, was honoured with the presence of the Prince of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of York, Princesses Victoria and Maud, and the Duke and Duchess of Fife.

The Duke of Connaught, on Wednesday, Feb. 13, spoke at a Mansion House meeting convened by the Lord Mayor to advocate the raising of a fund of £100,000 for the reopening of five wards in St. Thomas's Hospital, which have been closed for want of money. On Feb. 8 the Duchess of Connaught, accompanied by his Royal Highness, presented certificates to a class of nurses at Bagshot connected with the technical education scheme of the Surrey County Council.

A baronetcy has been conferred upon Mr. John Barran, of Chapel Allerton, Yorkshire, the well-known leader of the Liberal party in Leeds. Mr. George Scharf, Director and Secretary of the National Portrait Gallery, has been made a Companion of the Bath.

The unopposed election of Mr. T. G. Fardell as the Conservative M.P. for South Paddington, in succession to Lord Randolph Churchill, took place on Feb. 9. The contest for Colchester, between Captain J. M. Vereker, Conservative, and Sir Weetman Pearson, has been actively proceeding: the polling will be on Tuesday, Feb. 19.

Much interest is now felt in the approaching elections for the London County Council on March 2. The Conservative or Moderate candidates for the City—namely, the Duke of Norfolk, Sir Joseph Dimsdale, Mr. Benjamin Cohen, M.P., and Mr. Henry Clarke, have issued their joint address; so has Earl Cadogan for Chelsea and Earl Dudley for Holborn; while Lord George Hamilton, Chairman of the London Municipal Society, has in a circular invited the same party to oppose the excessive

pretensions of the majority of the existing County Council. Mr. Henry Harben, Chairman of the Hampstead Vestry, does not seek again to represent Hampstead in the County Council. Sir John Hutton, Chairman of the County Council, asks re-election for South St. Pancras.

At the weekly meeting, on Feb. 12, of the London County Council, a committee reported in favour of considerable changes in the holding of coroners' inquests; the coroners to be medical experts paid by salary, and to conduct the post-mortem examinations; the Courts to be held in certain places, on fixed days; the number of the jury to be six instead of twelve; medical investigators appointed to inquire into the causes of all uncertified deaths; and other recommendations for altering the law, which are to be submitted to the Lord Chancellor by a deputation of the London County Council.

A lecture on Municipal Government, with ample illustrations from the example of the Birmingham Corporation, was delivered by the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain on Feb. 6 to a popular audience at the Edinburgh Castle Hall in Stepney. Sir John Lubbock has spoken at Stoke Newington, and the Right Hon. G. Shaw-Lefevre at Hackney, in favour of different candidates at the London County Council elections.

Much anxiety was felt about the safety of the French Transatlantic Steam-ship Company's steamer *Gascogne*, which left Havre for New York, broke a piston-rod, and arrived seven days overdue on Monday night, Feb. 11;

among the inhabitants of those familiar ports. The London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Company proposes to transfer its mail contract to the French Northern Railway Company, which is building new and powerful vessels for the Calais route. An alteration of the hours of starting from Paris and from London, with the saving of one hour in both journeys, to begin on June 1, is also contemplated. It is thought likely that this will cause the discontinuance of the South-Eastern Railway forenoon express-train to Folkestone, which would then be superseded by an afternoon train and passage to Boulogne. The Folkestone people are even somewhat apprehensive of an eventual concentration of the whole traffic at Dover.

The prolonged hard frost has allowed more uninterrupted facilities of skating than is usual in England, happily with fewer serious disasters. Numerous skating scenes are pictured on another page of our present issue. The Serpentine, with ice five inches thick, was made available on Saturday, Feb. 9, and in the evening was lighted by torches. Large masses of floating ice came with the tide up the Thames, and at Kingston the river was frozen over. The entrance to the Medway, at Sheerness, was completely blocked with pieces of ice frozen together. The state of Sheerness Harbour is vividly depicted on our next page. Thousands of sea-gulls flew up the Thames to London. In many parts of England, Scotland, and Ireland the weather has been extremely severe; even at Queenstown, in the south of Ireland, a violent easterly gale, with a heavy snowstorm, prevented steamers from leaving the port. The quays there were flooded by the sea at high tide; at Penzance, also, the pier and the promenade-wall suffered much damage. Several Irish and Scottish railway lines became impassable from deep snow-drifts. But neither snow nor high winds prevailed generally in England, only continued frost. Many deaths from exposure to the cold are reported, including, it is said, five London omnibus-drivers and one conductor. From every country of Europe, and from America, we learn that this winter is one of the fiercest known for many years.

There is no important news of Continental Europe in these days. The French Chamber has been jealously discussing Government railway contracts and those made with steam-ship companies for the conveyance of troops and artillery and stores to Madagascar. The Government has issued an order forbidding any English or other foreign private yachts to anchor in French naval harbours.

The German Emperor William II. a few days ago delivered at Berlin a lecture to a military professional audience upon the lessons in the art of war to be derived from the conflict between Japan and China, insisting earnestly upon the need of having a strong German fleet to co-operate with the army.

The Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria has left Vienna for a couple of weeks to join the Empress at Mentone, on the Riviera. The new Hungarian Ministry is considered to be gaining strength, and will shortly lay before the Chamber of Magnates, at Buda-Pesth, the Liberal measures of legislation for the recognition of the Jewish faith, liberty of worship, civil registration, and civil contract of marriage.

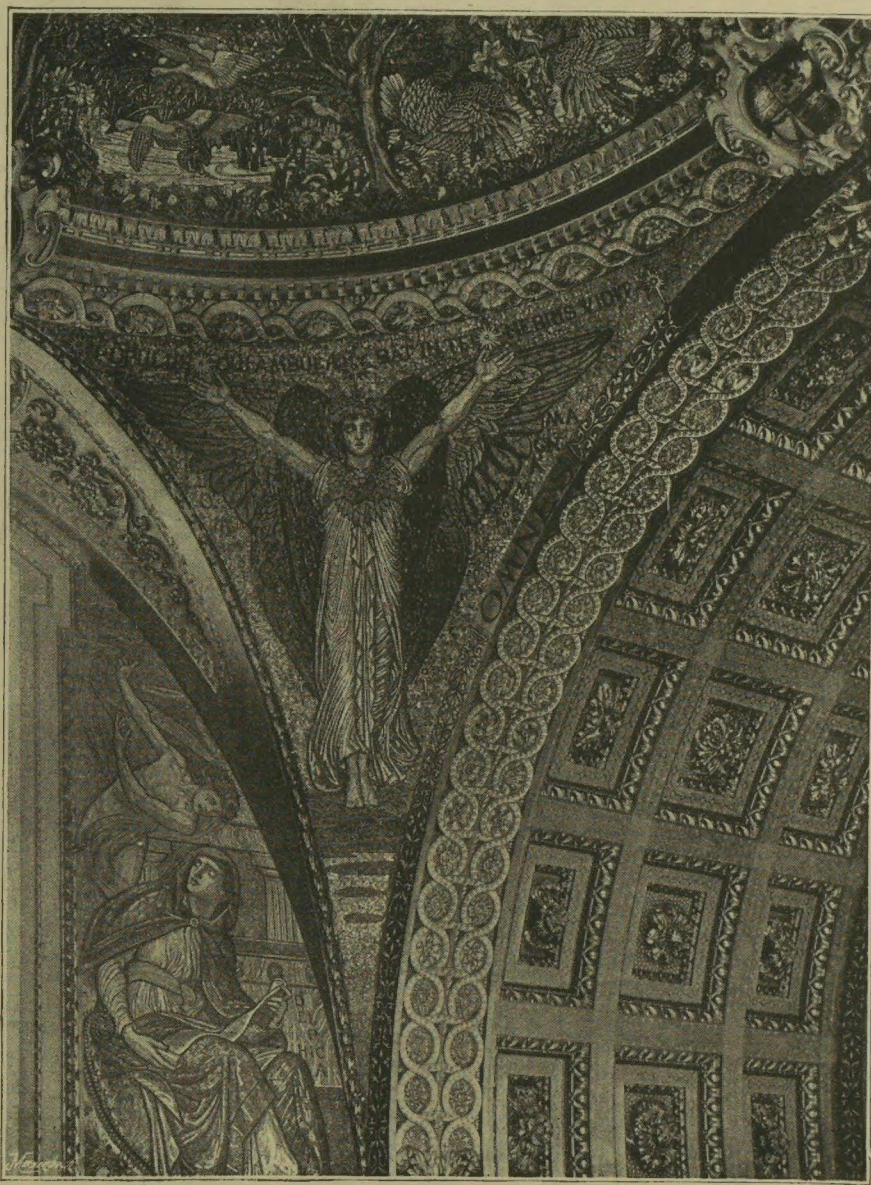
Italy is at present undergoing a strenuous political agitation, in prospect of a general parliamentary election, with a severe struggle in defence of King Humbert and Signor Crispi against the bitter attacks of the extreme Radical party. The students of the University of Naples have again shown a disorderly attitude of opposition to recent orders of the Ministry of Public Instruction.

The Belgian Government has presented to the Chamber at Brussels a Bill for taking over the Congo Free State from the company of which King Leopold II. is the president. If this arrangement be rejected by the Belgian Legislature, the company is bound to offer its territorial possessions and sovereignty to France. A Bill for the conversion of Belgian Three-and-a-Half per Cent. Stock into Three per Cents. has been introduced into the Chamber.

King Oscar of Sweden and Norway has addressed to the Storting, or Norwegian Parliament, at Christiania his proposals for mutual concessions to settle the Constitutional dispute between those two adjacent kingdoms under the reign of one monarch. The immediate question is that of the department of foreign affairs and of the Consular service.

The Republican Government of Chili has announced its intention of purchasing all the railways in that country. The insurrection that recently broke out in the Republic of Colombia is said to have been effectually checked.

Negotiations are going on at Berlin for the construction of a narrow gauge railway from a port on the German East African littoral to the Victoria Nyanza and Lake Tanganyika. It is estimated that the project, which has the co-operation of the Permanent Committee of the German East Africa Company, will require an outlay of close upon 30,000,000 marks. Should the Imperial Government decide in favour of the scheme, the Imperial Chancellor will ask the Reichstag to authorise land concessions being made to the private railway company which the group of bankers proposes to form, as well as a Government guarantee of interest on the company's capital.



THE DECORATION OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL: A MOSAIC BY W. B. RICHMOND, A.R.A.

See "Our Illustrations."

while the White Star ship *Teutonic*, and two other British ships, of the Allan and Anchor lines, had also been delayed in their crossing of the Atlantic. The *Teutonic*, however, reached New York in less time, four days late, after a terrible voyage from Liverpool, on Feb. 9. The *Gascogne* had five hundred persons, crew and passengers, on board. The Allan Line steamer *Grecian* was seventeen days coming from New York to the Clyde, and lost two hundred head of cattle and sheep.

A fire broke out in the buildings on the north quay of the South-West India Dock, at Poplar, on Friday morning, Feb. 8, and spread to the barges alongside the quay, destroying much of their contents; some damage was also done to the steamer *Germania*, belonging to the International Steam-ship Company, with a cargo of Indian produce.

An explosion of gas in the Tinsbury Colliery, near Radstock, Somerset, on Feb. 6, killed seven men, and would have caused much greater loss of life if it had been at an hour when all the colliers were at work below.

Numerous instances are reported of the bursting of closed kitchen boilers, where the pipes were frozen in private dwelling-houses, killing persons in the kitchen. At Dunston, near Gateshead, Mrs. Whitfield and her baby were so killed, and a boy and girl much injured; a woman at Heaton, Newcastle, and two children at Morecambe, lost their lives in the same way. It is a common practice in the north of England to construct such boilers without a safety-valve or any means of regulating the steam and hot water.

A change about to be made in the Dover and Folkestone steam-boat Channel services has occasioned some regret





FROST, SNOW, AND ICE ON THE MEDWAY: SHEERNESS HARBOUR AFTER A BLIZZARD.





# EVE'S RANSOM

BY

## GEORGE GISSING



ILLUSTRATED BY WAL PAGET.

### XIII.

On the evening of the next day, just after he had lit his lamp, Hilliard's attention was drawn by a sound as of someone tapping at the window. He stood to listen, and the sound was repeated—an unmistakable tap of fingers on the glass. In a moment he was out in the street, where he discovered Patty Ringrose.

"Why didn't you come to see me?" she asked excitedly.

"I was afraid *she* might be there. Did she go to business, as usual?"

"Yes. At least I suppose so. She got home at the usual time. I've left her there: I was bound to see you. Do you know what she told me last night when she came in?"

"I dare say I could guess."

Hilliard began to walk down the street. Patty, keeping close at his side, regarded him with glances of wonder.

"Is it true that we're going to Paris? I couldn't make out whether she meant it, and this morning I couldn't get a word from her."

"Are you willing to go with her?"

"And have all my expenses paid?"

"Of course."

"I should think I am! But I daren't let my uncle and aunt know; there'd be no end of bother. I shall have to make up some sort of tale to satisfy my aunt, and get my things sent to the station while uncle's playing billiards. How long is it for?"

"Impossible to say. Three months—half a year—I don't know. What about Mr. Dally?"

"Oh, I've done with *him*!"

"And you are perfectly sure that you can get employment whenever you need it?"

"Quite sure: no need to trouble about that. I'm very good friends with aunt, and she'll take me in for as long as I want when I come back. But it's easy enough for anybody like me to get a place. I've had two or three offers the last half-year, from good shops where they were losing their young ladies. We're always getting married, in our business, and places have to be filled up."

"That settles it, then."

"But I want to know—I can't make it out—Eve won't tell me how she's managing to go. Are *you* going to pay for her?"

"We won't talk of that, Patty. She's going; that's enough."

"You persuaded her, last night?"

"Yes, I persuaded her. And I am to hear by the first post in the morning whether she will go to-morrow or Thursday. She'll arrange things with you to-night, I should think."

"It didn't look like it. She's shut herself in her room."

"I can understand that. She is ill. That's why I'm getting her away from London. Wait till we've been in Paris a few weeks, and you'll see how she changes. At present she is downright ill—ill enough to go to bed and be nursed, if that would do any good. It's your part to look after her. I don't want you to be her servant."

"Oh, I don't mind doing anything for her."

"No, because you are a very good sort of girl. You'll live at an hotel, and what you have to do is to make her enjoy herself. I shouldn't wonder if you find it difficult at first, but we shall get her round before long."

"I never thought there was anything the matter with her."

"Perhaps not, but I understand her better. Of course you won't say a word of this to her. You take it as a holiday—as good fun. No doubt I shall be able to have a

few words in private with you now and then. But at other times we must talk as if nothing special had passed between us."

Patty mused. The lightness of her step told in what a spirit of gaiety she looked forward to the expedition.

"Do you think," she asked presently, "that it'll all come to an end—what I told you of?"

"Yes, I think so."

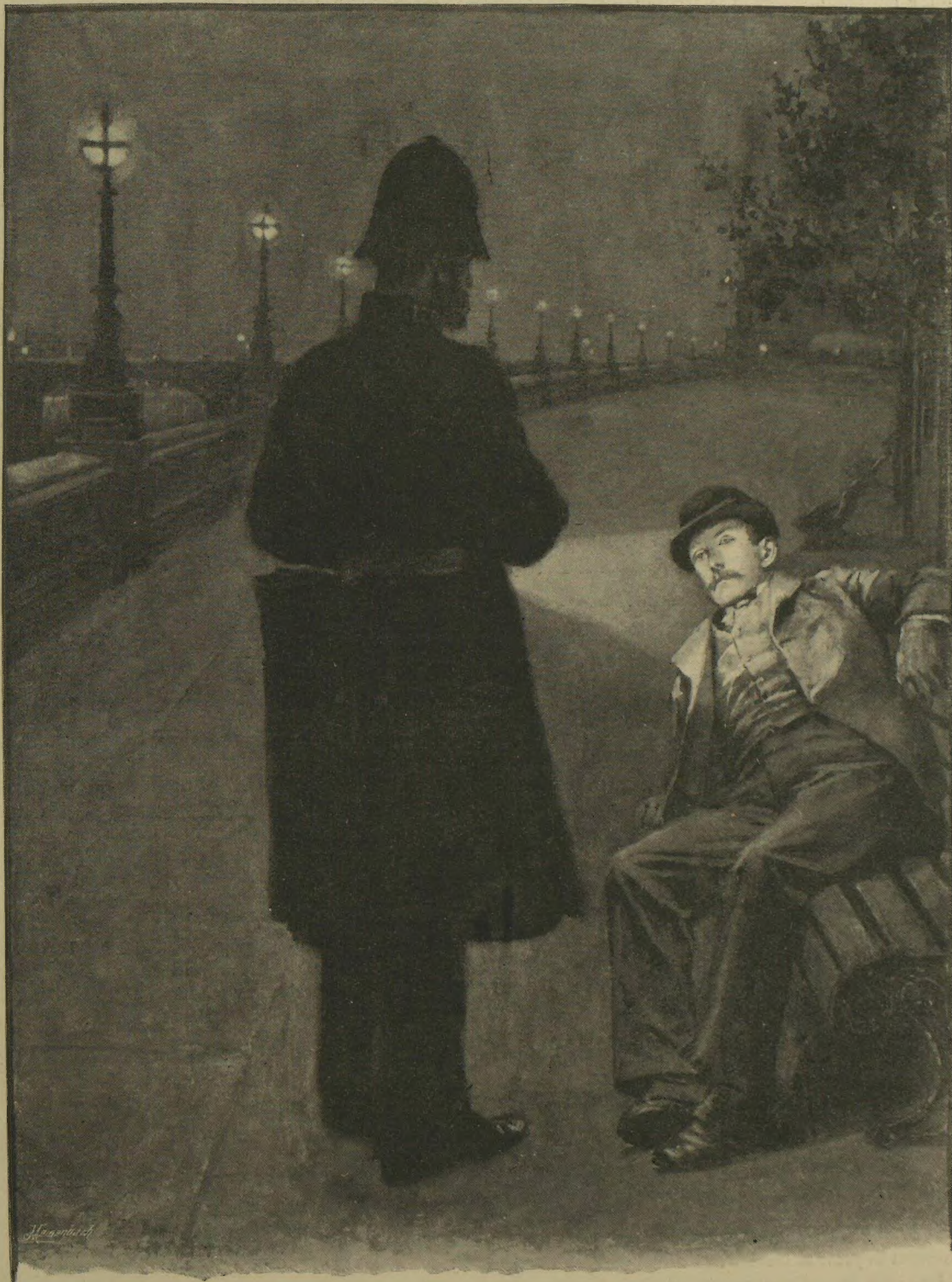
"You didn't let her know that I'd been talking—"

"Of course not. And, as I don't want her to know that you've seen me to-night, you had better stay no longer. She's sure to have something to tell you to-night or to-morrow morning. Get your packing done, and be ready at any moment. When I hear from Eve in the morning, I shall send her a telegram. Most likely we

sha'n't see each other again until we meet at Charing Cross. I hope it may be to-morrow; but Thursday is the latest."

So Patty took her departure, tripping briskly homeward. As for Hilliard, he returned to his sitting-room, and was busy for some time with the pencilling of computations in English and French money. Towards midnight, he walked as far as High Street, and looked at the windows above the music-shop. All was dark.

He rose very early next morning, and as post time drew near he walked about the street in agonies of suspense. He watched the letter-carrier from house to house, followed him up, and saw him pass the number at which he felt assured that he would deliver a letter. In frenzy of disappointment a fierce oath burst from his lips.



He sank in exhaustion on one of the benches near the river, and there slept profoundly until stirred by a policeman. "What's the time?" was his inquiry.



"That's what comes of trusting a woman!—she is going to cheat me. She has gained her end, and will put me off with excuses."

But perhaps a telegram would come. He made a pretence of breakfasting, and paced his room for an hour like a caged animal. When the monotony of circling movement had all but stupefied him, he was awakened by a double postman's knock at the front door, the signal that announces a telegram.

Again from Patty, and again a request that he would come to the shop at mid-day.

"Just as I foresaw—excuses—postponement. What woman ever had the sense of honour!"

To get through the morning he drank—an occupation suggested by the heat of the day, which blazed cloudless. The liquor did not cheer him, but inspired a sullen courage, a reckless resolve. And in this frame of mind he presented himself before Patty Ringrose.

"She can't go to-day," said Patty, with an air of concern. "You were quite right—she is really ill."

"Has she gone out?"

"No, she's upstairs, lying on the bed. She says she has a dreadful headache, and if you saw her you'd believe it. She looks shocking. It's the second night she hasn't closed her eyes."

A savage jealousy was burning Hilliard's vitals. He had tried to make light of the connection between Eve and that unknown man, even after her extraordinary request for money, which all but confessedly she wanted on his account. He had blurred the significance of such a situation, persuading himself that neither was Eve capable of a great passion, nor the man he had seen able to inspire one. Now he rushed to the conviction that Eve had fooled him with a falsehood.

"Tell her this." He glared at Patty with eyes which made the girl shrink in alarm. "If she isn't at Charing Cross Station by a quarter to eleven to-morrow, there's an end of it. I shall be there, and shall go on without her. It's her only chance."

"But if she really can't—"

"Then it's her misfortune—she must suffer for it. She goes to-morrow or not at all. Can you make her understand that?"

"I'll tell her."

"Listen, Patty. If you bring her safe to the station to-morrow you shall have a ten-pound note, to buy what you like in Paris."

The girl reddened, half in delight, half in shame.

"I don't want it—she shall come—"

"Very well; good-bye till to-morrow, or for good."

"No, no; she shall come."

He was drenched in perspiration, yet walked for a mile or two at his topmost speed. Then a consuming thirst drove him into the nearest place where drink was sold. At six o'clock he remembered that he had not eaten since breakfast; he dined extravagantly, and afterwards fell asleep in the smoking-room of the restaurant. A waiter with difficulty aroused him, and persuaded him to try the effect of the evening air. An hour later he sank in exhaustion on one of the benches near the river, and there slept profoundly until stirred by a policeman.

"What's the time?" was his inquiry, as he looked up at the starry sky.

He felt for his watch, but no watch was discoverable. Together with the gold chain it had disappeared.

"Heavens! Someone has robbed me."

The policeman was sympathetic, but reproachful.

"Why do you go to sleep on the Embankment at this time of night? Lost any money?"

Yes, his money too had flown; luckily, only a small sum. It was for the loss of his watch and chain that he grieved; they had been worn for years by his father, and on that account had a far higher value for him than was represented by their mere cost.

As a matter of form, he supplied the police with information concerning the theft. Of recovery there could be little hope.

Thoroughly awakened and sober, he walked across London to Gower Place, arriving in the light of dawn. Too spiritless to take off his clothing, he lay upon the bed, and through the open window watched a great cloud that grew rosy above the opposite houses.

Would Eve be at the place of meeting to-day? It seemed to him totally indifferent whether she came or not; nay, he all but hoped that she would not. He had been guilty of prodigious folly. The girl belonged to another man; and even had it not been so, what was the use of flinging away his money at this rate? Did he look for any reward correspondent to the sacrifice? She would never love him, and it was not in his power to complete the work he had begun, by freeing her completely from harsh circumstances, setting her in a path of secure and pleasant life.

But she would not come, and so much the better. With only himself to provide for he had still money enough to travel far. He would see something of the great world, and leave his future to destiny.

He dozed for an hour or two.

Whilst he was at breakfast a letter arrived for him. He did not know the handwriting on the envelope, but it must be Eve's. Yes. She wrote a couple of lines: "I will be at the station to-morrow at a quarter to eleven.—E. M."

#### XIV.

One travelling-bag was all he carried. Some purchases that he had made in London—especially the great work on French cathedrals—were already dispatched to Birmingham, to lie in the care of Robert Narramore.

He reached Charing Cross half an hour before train-time, and waited at the entrance. Several cabs that drove up stirred his expectation only to disappoint him. He was again in an anguish of fear lest Eve should not come. A cab arrived, with two boxes of modest appearance. He stepped forward and saw the girls' faces.

Between him and Eve not a word passed. They avoided each other's look. Patty, excited and confused, shook hands with him.

"Go on to the platform," he said. "I'll see after everything. This is all the luggage?"

"Yes. One box is mine, and one Eve's. I had to face it out with the people at home," she added, between laughing and crying. "They think I'm going



Patty walked the deck with Hilliard.

to the seaside, to stay with Eve till she gets better. I never told so many fibs in my life. Uncle stormed at me, but I don't care."

"All right; go on to the platform."

Eve was already walking in that direction. Undeniably she looked ill; her step was languid; she did not raise her eyes. Hilliard, when he had taken tickets and booked the luggage through to Paris, approached his travelling companions. Seeing him, Eve turned away.

"I shall go in a smoking compartment," he said to Patty. "You had better take your tickets."

"But when shall we see you again?"

"Oh, at Dover, of course."

"Will it be rough, do you think? I do wish Eve would talk. I can't get a word out of her. It makes it all so miserable, when we might be enjoying ourselves."

"Don't trouble: leave her to herself. I'll get you some papers."

On returning from the bookstall, he slipped loose silver into Patty's hands.

"Use that if you want anything on the journey. And—I haven't forgotten my promise."

"Nonsense!"

"Go and take your places now: there's only ten minutes to wait."

He watched them as they passed the barrier. Neither of the girls was dressed very suitably for travelling; but Eve's costume resembled that of a lady, while Patty's might suggest that she was a lady's-maid. As if to confirm this distinction, Patty had burdened herself with

several small articles, whereas her friend carried only a sunshade. They disappeared among people upon the platform. In a few minutes Hilliard followed, glanced along the carriages till he saw where the girls were seated, and took his own place. He wore a suit which had been new on his first arrival in London, good enough in quality and cut to give his features the full value of their intelligence; a brown felt hat, a russet necktie, a white flannel shirt. Finding himself with a talkative neighbour in the carriage, he chatted freely. As soon as the train had started, he lit his pipe and tasted the tobacco with more relish than for a long time.

On board the steamer Eve kept below from first to last. Patty walked the deck with Hilliard, and, vastly to her astonishment, achieved the voyage without serious discomfort. Hilliard himself, with the sea wind in his nostrils, recovered that temper of buoyant satisfaction which had accompanied his first escape from London. He despised the weak misgivings and sordid calculations of yesterday. Here he was, on a Channel steamer, bearing away from disgrace and wretchedness the woman whom his heart desired. Wild as the project had seemed to him when first he conceived it, he had put it into execution. The moment was worth living for. Whatever the future might keep in store for him of dreary, toilsome, colourless existence, the retrospect would always show him this patch of purple—a memory precious beyond all the possible results of prudence and narrow self-regard.

The little she-Cockney by his side entertained him with the flow of her chatter; it had the advantage of making him feel a travelled man.

"I didn't cross this way when I came before," he explained to her. "From Newhaven it's a much longer voyage."

"You like the sea, then?"

"I chose it because it was cheaper—that's all."

"Yet you're so extravagant now," remarked Patty, with eyes that confessed admiration of this quality.

"Oh, because I am rich," he answered gaily.

"Money is nothing to me."

"Are you really rich? Eve said you weren't."

"Did she?"

"I don't mean she said it in a disagreeable way. It was last night. She thought you were wasting your money upon us."

"If I choose to waste it, why not? Isn't there a pleasure in doing as you like?"

"Oh, of course there is," Patty assented. "I only wish I had the chance. But it's awfully jolly, this! Who'd have thought, a week ago, that I should be going to Paris? I have a feeling all the time that I shall wake up and find I've been dreaming."

"Suppose you go down and see whether Eve wants anything? You needn't say I sent you."

From Calais to Paris he again travelled apart from the girls. Fatigue overcame him, and for the last hour or two he slept, with the result that, on alighting at the Gare du Nord, he experienced a decided failure of spirits. Happily, there was nothing before him but to carry out a plan already elaborated. With the aid of his guide-book he had selected an hotel which seemed suitable for the girls, one where English was spoken, and thither he drove with them from the station. The choice of their rooms, and the settlement of details took only a few minutes; then, for almost the first time since leaving Charing Cross, he spoke to Eve.

"Patty will do everything she can for you," he said; "I shall be not very far away, and you can always send me a message if you wish. To-morrow morning I shall come at about ten to ask how you are—nothing more than that—unless you care to go anywhere."

The only reply was "Thank you," in a weary tone. And so, having taken his leave, he set forth to discover a considerably less expensive lodging for himself. In this, after his earlier acquaintance with Paris, he had no difficulty; by half-past eight his business was done, and he sat down to dinner at a cheap restaurant. A headache spoilt his enjoyment of the meal. After a brief ramble about the streets, he went home and got into a bed which was rather too short for him, but otherwise promised sufficient comfort.

The first thing that came into his mind when he awoke next morning was that he no longer possessed a watch; the loss cast a gloom upon him. But he had slept well, and a flood of sunshine that streamed over his scantily carpeted floor, together with gladly remembered sounds from the street, soon put him into an excellent humour. He sprang up, partly dressed himself, and unhasped the window. The smell of Paris had become associated in his mind with thoughts of liberty; a grotesque dance about the bed-room expressed his joy.

As he anticipated, Patty alone received him when he called upon the girls. She reported that Eve felt unable to rise.

"What do you think about her?" he asked. "Nothing serious, is it?"

"She can't get rid of her headache."



"Let her rest as long as she likes. Are you comfortable there?"

Patty was in ecstasies with everything, and chattered on breathlessly. She wanted to go out; Eve had no need of her—indeed had told her that above all she wished to be left alone.

"Get ready, then," said Hilliard, "and we'll have an hour or two."

They walked to the Madeleine and rode thence on the top of a tramcar to the Place de la Bastille. By this time Patty had come to regard her strange companion in a sort of brotherly light; no restraint whatever appeared in her conversation with him. Eve, she told him, had talked French with the chambermaid.

"And I fancy it was something she didn't want me to understand."

"Why should you think so?"

"Oh, something in the way the girl looked at me."

"No, no; you were mistaken. She only wanted to show that she knew some French."

But Hilliard wondered whether Patty could be right. Was it not possible that Eve had gratified her vanity by representing her friend as a servant—a lady's-maid? Yet why should he attribute such a fault to her? It was an odd thing that he constantly regarded Eve in the least favourable light, giving weight to all the ill he conjectured in her, and minimising those features of her character which, at the beginning, he had been prepared to observe with sympathy and admiration. For a man in love his reflections followed a very unwonted course. And, indeed, he had never regarded his love as of very high or pure quality; it was something that possessed him and constrained him—by no means a source of elevating emotion.

"Do you like Eve?" he asked abruptly, disregarding some trivial question Patty had put to him.

"Like her? Of course I do."

"And why do you like her?"

"Why?—oh—I don't know. Because I do."

And she laughed foolishly.

"Does Eve like you?" Hilliard continued.

"I think she does. Else I don't see why she kept up with me."

"Has she ever done you any kindness?"

"I'm sure I don't know. Nothing particular. She never gave me anything, if you mean that. But she has paid for me at theatres and so on."

Hilliard quitted the subject.

"If you like to go out alone," he told her before they parted, "there's no reason why you shouldn't—just as you do in London. Remember the way back, that's all, and don't be out late. And you'll want some French money."

"But I don't understand it, and how can I buy anything when I can't speak a word?"

"All the same, take that and keep it till you're able to make use of it. It's what I promised you."

Patty drew back her hand, but her objections were not difficult to overcome.

"I dare say," Hilliard continued, "Eve doesn't understand the money much better than you do. But she'll soon be well enough to talk, and then I shall explain everything to her. On this piece of paper is my address; please let Eve have it. I shall call to-morrow morning again."

He did so, and this time found Eve, as well as her companion, ready to go out. No remark or inquiry concerning her health passed his lips; he saw that she was recovering from the crisis she had passed through, whatever its real nature. Eve shook hands with him, and smiled, though as if discharging an obligation.

"Can you spare time to show us something of Paris?" she asked.

"I am your official guide. Make use of me whenever it pleases you."

"I don't feel able to go very far. Isn't there some place where we could sit down in the open air?"

A carriage was summoned, and they drove to the Champs Elysées. Eve benefited by the morning thus spent. She left to Patty most of the conversation, but occasionally made inquiries, and began to regard things with a healthy interest. The next day they all visited the Louvre, for a light rain was falling, and here Hilliard found an opportunity of private talk with Eve; they sat together whilst Patty, who cared little for pictures, looked out of a window at the Seine.

"Do you like the hotel I chose?" he began.

"Everything is very nice."

"And you are not sorry to be here?"

"Not in one way. In another I can't understand how I come to be here at all."

"Your physician has ordered it."

"Yes—so I suppose it's all right."

"There's one thing I'm obliged to speak of. Do you understand French money?"

Eve averted her face, and spoke after a slight delay.

"I can easily learn."

"Yes. You shall take this Paris guide home with you. You'll find all information of that sort in it. And I shall give you an envelope containing money—just for your private use. You have nothing to do with the charges at the hotel."

"I've brought it on myself; but I feel more ashamed than I can tell you."

"If you tried to tell me I shouldn't listen. What you have to do now is to get well. Very soon you and Patty will be able to find your way about together; then I shall only come with you when you choose to invite me. You have my address."

He rose and broke off the dialogue.

For a week or more Eve's behaviour in his company underwent little change. In health she decidedly improved, but Hilliard always found her reserved, coldly amicable, with an occasional suggestion of forced humility which he much disliked. From Patty he learnt that she went about a good deal and seemed to enjoy herself.

"We don't always go together," said the girl. "Yesterday and the day before Eve was away by herself all the

## THE EXPLOSION ON SOUTHWARK BRIDGE.

A police constable pacing northwards on the west side of Southwark Bridge in the afternoon of Feb. 4 was suddenly startled by two explosions. Turning round, he saw clouds of smoke rising, and a man was blown into the air several feet. The only apparent cause seemed to be two gas-meters, which, on being examined, emitted much gas. A foreman of the South Metropolitan Gas Company was summoned, and, opening the road at the south-west corner of the bridge, he discovered a three-inch main cracked about halfway round and split lengthways nearly six inches. The crack was of only the thickness of paper. It was centrally over a culvert which passed across the roadway. The main was an inch above the electric mains, which were uninjured except for a few dents caused by stones. The automatic volt meter record showed that at the time of the explosion there was no disturbance at the City of London Electric Lighting Company's Works. These were the facts elicited from witnesses at an inquiry held by Major Cardew, on behalf of the Board of Trade, at the Guildhall on Feb. 4.

## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The death is announced of the Rev. Bryan King, one of the earliest practical promoters of the High Church revival in England. Mr. King became Rector of St. George's-in-the-East in 1842, and speedily showed himself a determined and militant priest. His attacks on the innumerable dens of evil in his parish excited intense animosity, which displayed itself when he began to preach in the surplice and adopt other then unfamiliar usages. In 1856 Father Lowder's St. George's Mission was commenced, and it is thought that

Mr. King has never had the credit due to him for its success. The well-known riots followed, and for a considerable time the clergy and choir were in constant danger of their lives. Mr. King left St. George's in 1860, and spent three quiet years in Bruges. In 1863 he went to Avebury, a tranquil little village famous for its Druidical remains. There he continued till last November, when he went to Weston-super-Mare, where he died.

The epigrammatic Bishop of Derry says that the Disestablished Church of Ireland now enjoys a "bazaar-haunted, bonus-winning, scheme-driving existence."

The Church papers comment with reserve, but with evident feeling, on Mr. Chamberlain's pronouncement in favour of Welsh Disestablishment. One of them says: "The great body of Churchmen have been forced into the Unionist ranks by the ill-considered resolve of Lord Rosebery's Government to take up Welsh Disestablishment, but on many subjects no small proportion of them are more in sympathy with the Liberal than with the Unionist party. And if it appeared to these that the

Unionists are prepared at Mr. Chamberlain's bidding to abandon their cause, or to enter into unworthy proposals of compromise, the motive for their support would have been withdrawn, and there would no longer remain any reason for separating themselves from their former friends."

On the other hand, the Rev. Edward White, a leading Nonconformist Unionist, says: "When the Welsh Disestablishment question comes on it will be seen whether the Nonconformist Unionists have been 'corrupted' by recent alliances, and whether they will not march with all their old determination in the ranks of those who will fight in line with the Welsh people for the political overthrow of their High Church 'pastors and masters' in the Principality."

A new religious paper is announced, under the somewhat odd title of *The Protestant Girl*. This is not quite so funny as *The Christian Glowworm*, under which appellation a paper was actually commenced some twenty years ago.

The Bishop of Bedford has returned to London from Bournemouth, but he is still unequal to the discharge of business.

The income of the East London Church Fund shows an increase of £400 over 1893. The council are thus able to begin the year free from debt.

The American Bishops have been coming out strongly in opposition to Broad Churchism, and it is urged by some High Churchmen at home that English Bishops should issue similar manifestoes. It may be doubted whether these pronouncements seriously affect the progress of thought and scholarship.

At a meeting held in commemoration of Robert Louis Stevenson in Edinburgh, a clergyman, the Rev. John Watson, better known as Ian Maclaren, presided, and many leading ministers of the city were present.

The *Record* asks whether Mr. Crockett has resigned his pastoral charge or whether he has ceased to be a minister. Mr. Crockett, I believe, intends to preach from time to time, and to take part in the work of the church to which he belongs.



Photo by Robert Doyle.

EXPLOSION ON SOUTHWARK BRIDGE.

afternoon. Of course she can get on all right with her French. She takes to Paris as if she'd lived here for years."

On the day after, Hilliard received a post-card in which Eve asked him to be in a certain room of the Louvre at twelve o'clock. He kept the appointment, and found Eve awaiting him alone.

"I wanted to ask whether you would mind if we left the hotel and went to live at another place?"

He heard her with surprise.

"You are not comfortable?"

"Quite. But I have been to see my friend Mlle. Roche—you remember. And she has shown me how we can live very comfortably at a quarter of what it costs now, in the same house where she has a room. I should like to change, if you'll let me."

"Pooh! You're not to think of the cost—"

"Whether I am to or not, I do, and can't help myself. I know the hotel is fearfully expensive, and I shall like the other place much better. Miss Roche is a very nice girl, and she was glad to see me; and if I'm near her, I shall get all sorts of advantages—in French, and so on."

Hilliard wondered what account of herself Eve had rendered to the Parisienne, but he did not venture to ask.

"Will Patty like it as well?"

"Just as well. Miss Roche speaks English, you know, and they'll get on very well together."

"Where is the place?"

"Rather far off—towards the Jardin des Plantes. But I don't think that would matter, would it?"

"I leave it entirely to you."

"Thank you," she answered, with that intonation he did not like. "Of course, if you wish to meet Miss Roche, you can."

"We'll think about it. It's enough that she's an old friend of yours."

(To be continued.)





Regent's Park



St. James's Park



The Round Pond, Kensington





BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY, No. X.—VIMIERO.



THE HIGHLANDERS TURNING THE CAPTURED GUNS ON THE FRENCH,  
*Drawn by R. Caton Woodville,*



## BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

## X.—VIMIERO.

After the triumph of Tilsit, where Russia, lately his most formidable enemy, became his close ally, Napoleon, master of Germany and Italy, turned to fresh conquests. It was his aim, by his own will or by his alliances, to shut out English trade from the whole of Europe, and to starve the enemy that he could not strike. Spain was an ally, indeed, but he thought an unwilling ally; for in a war with England, Spain might lose much and could hardly gain anything. Further, there was dissension in the Spanish royal family, the old King Charles quarrelling with his son Ferdinand. The Queen of Spain and her lover Godoy, the chief Minister, were odious to the nation. Napoleon determined to have done with the Bourbons and place one of his own family on the Spanish throne.

The first step was to get French troops into Spain. This was done under pretext of an attack on Portugal, England's old ally, which was accused of still favouring British trade. A French army under Junot advanced on Lisbon, while other forces managed treacherously to secure a number of Spanish fortresses. Without resistance, Junot's force marched into Lisbon, worn out with fatigue, and the royal family of Portugal was carried off in English ships. The French took possession of the country, and Junot regarded himself as a sort of king. Meanwhile, French troops were occupying important points of Spain; a riot, in which Godoy was overthrown and Ferdinand acquired the power, gave Napoleon a pretext for summoning Charles and his son to Bayonne to meet him. There, by persuasions and threats, Charles and Ferdinand were induced to abdicate, and Napoleon bestowed the crown of Spain on his own brother Joseph.

But at this news, Spain burst into insurrection. Often beaten, the insurgents won several successes. The defeat and surrender of Dupont at Baylen led to Joseph's abandonment of Madrid, and the retreat of the French to the Ebro. Junot's army was left isolated in Portugal, where an insurrection was excited by the successes of the Spaniards. The Spanish troops under him were disarmed, and the insurgents were beaten everywhere. But a more formidable enemy was now to appear.

The breaking-out of the Spanish and Portuguese insurrections was an obvious opportunity for England. It gave her the power of once more engaging in a land war, in which, while harassing Napoleon and exhausting his resources, she risked nothing but the army sent. Troops were sent to Gibraltar; troops were kept sailing round the coast, in case they might be useful at any point; but the main body was sent to Portugal under Sir Arthur Wellesley, a General who had distinguished himself in India. On Aug. 1, 1808, the expedition began landing at the mouth of the Mondego river, and after some delay for reinforcements and an attempt to arrange co-operation with the Portuguese, Wellesley moved southwards, keeping near the coast. His march was slow, for his artillery was ill-mounted, and his cavalry very few in number. On Aug. 17 he met and drove back at Rorica, or Roliça, a small French force under Laborde.

Junot felt that he must check the English advance, or submit to be cooped up in a great hostile city like Lisbon. His forces were scattered among the Portuguese fortresses, but he gathered up all he could spare, and joining Laborde at Torres Vedras—the place famous afterwards as the centre of Wellington's famous lines of defence—he found himself at the head of fourteen thousand men, including a strong body of cavalry. Sir Arthur Wellesley had sixteen thousand, but hardly any horse. He had designed to attack himself; but already the Ministry at home had placed him under Sir Harry Burrard, who put his veto on a forward movement; and meanwhile Junot moved forward to drive the invading force into the sea. His situation was almost exactly like that in which Menou had found himself at Alexandria; and the battle that followed was to take the same lines.

The road from Lourinham to Torres Vedras ran parallel to the coast in a south-westerly direction. The British troops, with some Portuguese, were formed originally with their left across this road near the village of Vimiero, and the rest of the line extending along a ridge to the sea. Vimiero lay in the valley between an isolated hill, in which the British left was posted, and the end of a long ridge, along which ran the road from Lourinham, by which the forces had marched. In the morning of Aug. 21 the French came in sight, pressing along another road from Torres Vedras, which joined the Lourinham road far beyond the British left. Wellesley, seeing that Junot meant to turn his left and drive him into the sea, swung his right wing round behind the hills to the ridge of the Lourinham road, while a British brigade and a Portuguese contingent were thrown further to the rear of that ridge.

Junot threw Laborde's brigade on the height in front of Vimiero, and Brennier's on the ridge where the British left was now posted. Baffled by a steep ravine, Brennier was, assisted by Solignac's brigade, which was thrown across the ridge of the Lourinham road and was destined to roll up the British line. Laborde, again reinforced, dashed at the hill in front of the village. Shattered by the artillery, they were hurled down again by the fire and charge of the British infantry. Kellermann, commanding Junot's reserve, threw his grenadiers into the fight, and they charged at the church-

yard, held by the 43rd Regiment. A fierce fight took place hand to hand, but the 43rd won and rolled the French back in disorder. The British cavalry followed, but was almost destroyed by the superior French horse: but seven guns were abandoned, and Junot's forces fell back in confusion on their right. Meanwhile, Solignac's brigade, marching astride of the ridge with intent to roll up Wellesley's left, found itself faced by a superior force and its right flank threatened by the Portuguese and a British brigade. A fierce fight took place on the ridge, but Ferguson, commanding the English left, was victorious, taking six guns. Brennier's brigade, when at last it crossed the ravine and delivered its attack, was repulsed; and Solignac, outflanked on his left and cut off from Junot's main force, would have had to surrender had not Sir Harry Burrard, who had now assumed the command, checked Ferguson's advance and allowed the defeated French to unite and rally.

Junot's forces, in retreating towards their right, had actually left the British nearer to Torres Vedras and Lisbon than they were themselves; and Wellesley wished to take advantage of this by pressing the routed French with part of his army, and seizing the road to Lisbon with the rest. Burrard refused, and resolved to wait till the arrival of Sir John Moore with reinforcements. Next day Sir Hew Dalrymple, Governor of Gibraltar, arrived to take command, and ordered an advance.

But Junot forestalled his enemies by offering to capitulate. A vain and restless man, he was either too sanguine or too despairing. His defeat had cost him from two to three thousand killed, wounded, and taken, and more than half his artillery; and Lisbon, in his rear, was on the verge of insurrection. After a council of war, he sent General Kellermann with a flag of truce to arrange for the withdrawal of the French from Portugal; and as the result of tedious negotiations, a Convention—known wrongly as the Convention of Cintra—was concluded at Lisbon on the 30th day of August. By the end of September, Portugal was free from the French, who were shipped in British vessels to their own country. Thus one victory had freed Portugal, as one had gained Egypt; and the great Peninsular War opened with a striking success.

A. R. R.

## MR. ZANGWILL AMONG THE PROPHETS.

BY ANDREW LANG.

In the January number of the *Pull Mall Magazine* Mr. Zangwill took my breath away, as the saying is. He told tales of his own adventures with a table which rapped out answers, often correct; these answers were previously unknown to him or to his friends. Nay, this table several times gave correctly the denomination of a playing-card, laid face down, and concealed from mortal view. Mr. Zangwill promised to provide his explanation "in our next," and I awaited "our next" with eager anxiety. Of course, I took the facts on Mr. Zangwill's word, though I never came across any such facts in all my experience.

Alas! the explanation turns out to be our old friend "unconscious cerebration," or, if you like, "The Unconscious Self." We go back to Dr. Carpenter. The hypothesis may be, I think is, to some extent correct, but then it does not cover facts vouched for by dozens of witnesses, all as honourable as Mr. Zangwill. If I accept his facts, why am I to reject the facts of Mr. Lodge, F.R.S., Mr. Crookes, F.R.S., and many other respectable people? Yet Mr. Zangwill's explanation is of no service as regards their facts. This is the bitterness of explanations!

However, Mr. Zangwill's essay is very interesting. We see a powerful mind, unbiassed by knowledge of certain special studies, playing freely round some amazing experiences. Our author "has not cared to avail himself of the joint-stock wisdom of the Psychical Society." The coincidence of Mr. Zangwill's opinions with the opinions of many members of the Society, being undesigned, is all the more valuable. Equally by accident Mr. Zangwill's ideas coincide (up to a certain point) with my own published notions. It does not follow, if all of us are all right (up to a certain point), that the Psychical Society was "founded in vain." For it was not founded, as Mr. Zangwill thinks, to establish the existence of a booby, but to inquire into certain alleged psychological phenomena. If it discovers the *raison d'être* of some of these phenomena, then it has done what it was founded for the purpose of doing.

People, says Mr. Zangwill, "place their hands in circular contact round a table," when, after an uncertain period "sundry strange manifestations will occur." In my own experience they *won't* occur! There is "an uncanny wave of cold air," which I never experienced. Mr. Zangwill accounts for it on a physical theory. But if the cause is physical, why does it not always act? Often have I tried, but never have I felt this wave of cold air. However, I know one man who says he has felt it. If it is caused *thus*—"your hand, passive and in a fixed position, heats the air under it, which, become lighter, is constantly displaced by colder circumambient air"—if it is caused *thus*, why does it not happen always, in circumstances apparently identical? Finally, when you are "in excited expectation of the supernatural," the table begins to "waltz and even to raise itself partially or wholly from the ground." Was Mr. Zangwill ever "in excited expectation of the supernatural"? If that condition is necessary, its absence may account for my failures. But I do not suppose that Mr. Zangwill ever really expected anything "supernatural" in his life.

Well, the table taps out answers to questions. I have not found it so. It won't tap out answers for me or my friends.

Leaving the question of the contents of the answers, *what moves the table?* Now, I have tried experiments alone at a small table. Sometimes, after, say, twenty minutes, it will move, and occasionally will move fast. Answer questions it won't. In my opinion the come and go of our pulses and respiration finally stirs the table a little, and one *unconsciously* pushes it faster as one follows its motions. Mr. Zangwill says the hands act as a boy's "sucker" does, and you can lift anything with these suckers which you can lift in an ordinary way! I cannot lift the lightest table one quarter of an inch, and I never met anyone who was more adhesive. For the rest, Mr. Zangwill believes, as I do, in unconscious pushing. As to the sucker theory, if we can do it, why don't we?—and yet I never saw it done. The "raps" (when genuine) he accounts for by molecules of wood displaced—"springing back to their former position." But, once more, I never heard any such rap. Why should not my hands and those of my friends displace molecules of wood, as do the hands of Mr. Zangwill and of his friends? If the causes be physical, they should be unvarying; yet I never knew them produce one single rap.

Now for the contents of the answers. Our unconscious self, unconsciously pushing, unconsciously compels tilts of the table, and these can be construed into correct answers on points of which we consciously know nothing at all. Our sleeping memory of things forgotten is awakened *without our knowing it*, and reveals matters of which we are, as far as our consciousness goes, totally ignorant! Mr. Zangwill, in short, repeats Dr. Carpenter's theory, which I have stated and criticised in "Cock Lane and Common Sense" (pp. 15, 16). There I say: "The expedient of table-turning in Court might be tried by conscientious witnesses, who have forgotten the circumstances on which they are asked to give evidence." So Mr. Zangwill suggests that the subconscious intelligence of criminals might be "tapped," by table-turning. Alas! we don't want to know what criminals have forgotten, but what they remember perfectly well. Thus, when his table tells Mr. Zangwill something true, yet by him unknown, he argues that somehow he *does* know it, and that his muscles, under the impulse of his lost memory or will or something, unconsciously rap the facts out of the table. This may happen to him, it does not occur to anyone with whom I am acquainted. And why does it not happen? How (except in literary genius, which is another matter, perhaps) does Mr. Zangwill differ from you and me? He does not explain; but he is what the Psychical people would call an "automatist" (for his theory is exactly theirs), and you and I are not automatists. But why he is, while we are not, nobody knows.

Once more, how does Mr. Zangwill's subconsciousness know what he cannot know, say the denomination of a turned down card? He never knew it at all, and cannot have forgotten it. But he cannot satisfy himself that the answer is not a fluke. On this point, if he is mathematical, he may consult Mr. Edgeworth's statement of the chances of fluke, in a large number of instances. Supposing the successful answers to be beyond mere chance, then Mr. Zangwill has a clever "shot" at the unknown cause. He leaves "telepathy" an open question. But he must be very careful, for if once you admit even a "subconscious self," you are on a descent which may land you in the reverse of materialism. You may glide into a belief in "something far more deeply interfused." Mr. Zangwill is on the slope! *Facilis descensus Olympi*.

Finally, evidence just as good as Mr. Zangwill's own for experiences of his that are wholly beyond *my* experience, attests other facts which his theory cannot account for at all. Am I to believe in his table, and not in M. de Gasparin's, that moved when untouched; and so on, *ad infinitum*? Of course, I neither know how to believe or to disbelieve either Mr. Zangwill or M. de Gasparin. Mr. Zangwill's theory does not cover M. de Gasparin's facts; M. de Gasparin's theory does not cover Professor Lodge's facts. But Mr. Zangwill comes wholly to grief by positing physical causes which do not act invariably, and, in my experience, do not act at all. This is not the way of common physical causes; therefore, conditions are present, in Mr. Zangwill's case, which are in most cases absent. What are these conditions? "I wish he would explain his explanation."

Promptly at the opening of Parliament comes the new edition of Debrett's "House of Commons and the Judicial Bench" (Dean and Son). It is brought so carefully up to date that one looks in vain for the late Lord Randolph Churchill's name among the M.P.'s, and in other respects a critical search reveals how thoroughly the revision has been carried out. A statement as to the composition of the House of Commons is interesting. There are fifty Privy Councillors, sixty-two baronets, thirty-seven knights, forty-six sons of peers, and thirty-two heirs to peerages. "Debrett" gives "An Explanation of Technical Parliamentary Expressions," which, being revised by that courtly scholar, Sir Reginald Palgrave, does *not* include such pleasantries as "mugwump." A biographical list of peers and peeresses and a catalogue of clubs are among the miscellaneous contents of this invaluable book.



## BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY, No. X.—VIMIERO.



ARRIVAL IN THE BRITISH LINES OF GENERAL KELLERMANN WITH A FLAG OF TRUCE TO PROPOSE TERMS FOR AN HONOURABLE FRENCH RETREAT.

*Drawn by R. Caton Woodville.*



BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY, No. X.—VIMIERO.



THE 49th ATTACKED IN VIMIERO.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



## LITERATURE.

## TO DEFEAT OBLIVION.

*Arthur O'Shaughnessy.* Edited by Louise Chandler Moulton. (London: Elkin Mathews and John Lane.)—It has happened once or twice—we would not venture upon a higher number—in literary history that the world has forgotten the wrong man. Otherwise the flocks and droves of those who satisfy all the conditions required by a world eager to forget are unmistakable. They have an instantly recognisable absence of distinctness. Their lack of individuality would be conspicuous a mile away. Their want of anything whereby they might be known is known at first sight. Their negative characteristics are all old friends. And oblivion effaces them. There is no remorse anywhere, inasmuch as to forget thoroughly is to forget that you have forgotten. The hosts of the unremembered are generally led by something literary called "a movement." If they were strong men they would not so drift together, and literary movements would hardly exist. Among men who are not strong such movements go with great energy, or, rather, with great precipitation. And this is only one of the innumerable signs upon the literary herds that are fit and fat for oblivion.

But in the extremely rare cases in which the world has forgotten the wrong author it has, maybe, fallen to the duty of another author to restate the case and to bring the matter before a more responsible tribunal—let us say the tribunal of those who forget consciously, deliberately, and on well ascertained grounds. Mrs. Moulton has undertaken this task on behalf of Arthur O'Shaughnessy. Let it be averred reluctantly that she undertakes it in vain. Her appeal has failed. Arthur O'Shaughnessy was not forgotten in mistake for another gentleman of the same name. He was forgotten with a batch and with a "movement," doubtless, but he was also forgotten personally and as uniquely as the circumstances admitted. That is not saying much, perhaps, but it is saying enough. He suffered no injustice; he had a certain vogue in his lifetime. Because he belonged to a "movement" he shared with others the popularity of that movement, so that he had a measure of good luck. O'Shaughnessy was a little more of a poet than many among his own contemporaries, and than some among our own. He thought he had a great many things to say about Love and Death, while in truth it was the sayings he had, and not the things. He said the sayings in tumultuous lyrics that contain the full average number of fair verses. The little tumult went by in the wake of Mr. Swinburne's "movement." It is gone, and the fair verses have lost such vivacity as they ever had. Vitality it was not.

So much for Arthur O'Shaughnessy's works. His life has even a better claim to the common and kindly lot of oblivion. Literary ambition, insects at the British Museum, marriage, sorrow, and bereavement—these are things calling for privacy; they need no chronicler. Yet we owe some acknowledgments to Mrs. Moulton for the moderation of the chronicle. What no one needs to hear is generally told with less. In particular, the affairs of the group formed by O'Shaughnessy, Philip Bourke Marston, and Oliver Madox Brown (the latter "poet, painter, and novelist all in one," says Mrs. Moulton), have been too often the subject of the sickliest biographical notes ever written. The biographer of O'Shaughnessy does not sin in this manner. She has a lighter touch. Her book, indeed, is more than excused by its pleasant form. It cannot prove other than a futile book, but it does not offend literature; and it is quite worth while to note that her pen never wrote what her printers, being American also, have printed—"center" and "favor," for example. Mrs. Moulton, being a woman of taste as well as of talent, is one of the Americans who spell these words properly. Her book is an exceedingly pretty one, bound in pale cloth with a glowing repeating flower design in gold. It is very nicely printed by the De Vinne Press, with "The book ends here" upon a final fly-leaf; and so it does.

ALICE MEYNELL.

## THE LIFE AND WORKS OF ALBERT MOORE.

*Albert Moore: His Life and Works.* By A. Lys Baldry. Illustrated. (London: George Bell and Sons.)—A very large number of excellent citizens have not the slightest idea that a painting is or can be anything more than a catalogue of facts; hence the most complete list with the most accurate details seems best to them. In poetry they have learned to approve what they do not understand; in art they still show their ignorance by their belief in their own criticism. To these, small wonder if Albert Moore appeals in vain, for his sole object was to produce a scheme of pleasant colours, arranged in beautiful patterns. Recognising that the consensus of opinion among civilised peoples accepted the female figure as the most beautiful living thing, and that a certain period of Greek art evolved the most beautiful presentation of it, he chose graceful figures, exquisitely draped, as the motive of his decorative panels. That they are reading, sleeping, reclining, or standing is mostly due to the accident of the pose he required to complete his composition, suggesting the accessories. Anecdote or sentiment he deliberately avoided. Nor was even the scheme of colour his essential purpose in many of his works, since he painted duplicates and triplicates of the same subject with entirely altered colour-harmony—witness "A Sofa," "Beads," and "Apples," all so similar, when photographed, that only an expert could name them properly were three untitled monochrome reproductions submitted to him.

In championing the cause of Albert Moore, Mr. Baldry, as becomes a sturdy partisan, not merely abates no jot of his claim, but perhaps asks for a little more than his hero will ultimately receive. But he does this in a way that is temperate beyond the average of special pleading on matters concerning art, where we find too often the virulence and exaggeration hitherto reserved for theological disputes.

It would seem as if our modern monuments to heroes will, as time goes on, take the form of biographies and illustrated records; and although the accidents of publishing may often confuse the comparative reputation of popular

celebrities by devoting pamphlets or newspaper paragraphs to giants and raising stately tomes over buried pigmies, in this case it is fit that a sumptuous and stately record of a notable painter should go to the new Walkhalla of the great public libraries. All concerned have done good work: the author in a most complete and accurate text, and in the choice of an exhaustive selection of pictures; the photo-engravers for ten photogravures, of which at least half a dozen touch the highest level of excellence; while the printer and the binder deserve almost equal praise according to their respective shares in the production of a beautiful book.

The half-tone blocks, from pictures, cartoons, etc., are, on the whole, as good as one dare expect. Fanatics who insist upon the intrusion of a new personality, and prefer an engraver's version, will doubtless declare "half-tone" blocks are as pictures inferior to fine woodcuts; but those who wish a faithful record of the work itself may reasonably prefer the more literal truth of the photograph.

One thing may be safely affirmed of Albert Moore's work, particularly in its monochrome reproduction, and that is that it promises to age less with changes of fashion than that of any of his contemporaries. The archaeology of a Tadema may be rendered obsolete by later discoveries, the pictured versions of ancient myths the President of the Royal Academy gives us to-day may fail to entrance future generations, but one thinks that as long as the Three Fates—or Aglauros, Herse, and Pandrosos, whichever you elect to call them—are the deities of the inner temple of Art, so long will the painted versions of a not dissimilar ideal attract all lovers of beauty, and in this sumptuous quarto interest far distant readers.

GLEESON WHITE.

## A PICTURESQUE LITTLE STORY.

*The Watter's Mou.* By Bram Stoker. Acme Library. (Westminster: A. Constable and Co.)—For so small a book "The Watter's Mou" has virtues and to spare. It is the merest novelette of not much more than a single episode, filling about one hundred and sixty of the slenderest pages. An hour's reading exhausts it easily. It is, however, a fresh and interesting example of Mr. Bram Stoker's versatility, and altogether a most sympathetic little tale with a strong and highly coloured background. Smuggling off the remote Scottish coast, carried on with resolute audacity, has brought about strained relations between the fishermen engaged in the traffic and the men of the Preventive service. On an afternoon of violent storm in August, Sailor Willy, chief boatman of a small coast station, is warned by telegram that a run is expected, and he makes his preparations accordingly. Sailor Willy is engaged to be married to Maggie, daughter of the old fisherman MacWhirter, and at this parlous time she is keeping from her lover a grievous secret. Bad luck at the fishing has brought her father within the danger of Solomon Mendoza, Jew broker of Hamburg and Aberdeen, to whom his boat is heavily mortgaged. The knowledge reaches her that her father, sore pressed by Mendoza, has gone to Hamburg on a smuggling venture in the Jew's interest. She sees the telegram handed to Sailor Willy from the post-office, guesses its contents, and knows that her father will attempt to run in on the coast that night. This dramatic situation is worked out with no small skill by Mr. Stoker. There is a wedding in the village that evening at the house of a suspected smuggler, where the plot thickens; and when Sailor Willy, as one of the guests, is handed a glass of drugged spirits, there is no need to tell him that business is intended. He quits the wedding, and on his way back to his station to wire for further aid he meets Maggie, who is waiting for him in the dark on the cliff. A powerful and moving scene follows. Maggie, not daring to tell the stalwart boatman precisely how it stands with her father, tries him by every art of fondness, but finds him cold, and even wrathful, when she plucks up courage to suggest that there are seasons when a coastguard officer may slacken in duty for the sake of a lover or a friend. She leaves him, having failed to move him, and but one way remains whereby her father may be saved. Unknown to Sailor Willy, she launches her boat in the midst of the storm, and pulls out towards the opposite coast, to meet and warn her father of his danger. The scene on the waters, where Maggie, barely escaping shipwreck on the dreadful rocks of the Watter's Mou, gets out at length into the open sea, and rows through the night in search of her father's craft, is described with much imaginative force, and with all a seaman's knowledge and appreciation of the perils involved. The heroic girl meets her father's vessel ploughing home with a contraband cargo, warns him that all the coast is watched that night, and persuades him to fling the goods into the sea. Then she betakes herself to her boat again, that Sailor Willy may not see her return with her father and so get the knowledge of her mission. Old MacWhirter comes safely into port next morning with not an ounce of smuggled stuff on board, and the Revenue men are puzzled and Mendoza is furious. But what has become of poor brave Maggie? That the reader must discover. It is a picturesque and pathetic little story.

TIGHE HOPKINS.

## PRACTICAL FORESTRY.

*Webster's Practical Forestry.* By A. D. Webster, F.R.S.E. Second and Enlarged Edition. (London: W. Rider and Son, Limited.)—This volume, having passed into its second edition, may be said to have earned for itself the imprimatur of success. It is a thoroughly practical work, hence those interested in tree-culture have appreciated its value as a guide in their work and labours. Mr. Webster is very much at home when dealing with the varied phases of arboriculture. He discusses the questions of soils and seeds, of planting and pruning, and deals alike with the lordly oak and the shrubs of the hedgerows. Even the diseases of trees are touched upon, and the tools and implements used in forestry described. This book is a *vade mecum* alike for the student and the expert in arboriculture. Landowners might do worse than invest in a copy, while even for ordinary folks there is much interesting reading to be found in Mr. Webster's pages.

ANDREW WILSON.

## A LONDON LETTER.

The ways of the Swedenborgians are more humorous than might have been expected from so strenuous a sect. The Christmas Number of the *English Illustrated Magazine* contained a poem by William Strode, on "Chloris Walking in the Snow," illustrated by that rising young artist Mr. Gilbert James. The poem may be found in one of Mr. Bullen's delightful anthologies, and, no doubt, in many other collections of British verse. By a curious coincidence a recent number of the *New Church Magazine*, the organ of the Swedenborgians, contains a poem entitled "Delia Walking in the Snow," translated from the original Latin of Emanuel Swedenborg. Several correspondents have written to the editor of the *English Illustrated Magazine* complaining of Mr. Strode's audacity in borrowing, without acknowledgment, from the great master. "In your very excellent Christmas Number," writes one correspondent, "appears a poem by William Strode, which is clearly a translation of one by Emanuel Swedenborg, the great Swedish writer. It seems to me that Mr. Strode is scarcely entitled to attach his name to it unless under that of its illustrious author." This correspondent clearly thinks that Mr. Strode is one of the minor poets of to-day; but Strode published "Chloris Walking in the Snow" in his tragi-comedy entitled "The Floating Island" in 1655, and it was set to music by Henry Lawes, who, it will be remembered, also gave the music to Milton's "Comus." Emanuel Swedenborg did not write the "Helli-conian Sport," in which his "Delia" appeared, till 1716. No doubt he had seen "The Floating Island" and had made a translation from it.

Every bookish man is under much indebtedness to the *Daily Chronicle* for the strong literary element which has been introduced during the last few years into daily journalism through its pages. For that reason, perhaps, one may take peculiar exception to the opening of one of its leading articles a few days ago. "Alexander Pope," it says, "sang the man who 'with impartial view surveyed mankind from China to Peru.'" The *Chronicle* writer ought to know better. He ought to know that Johnson opens his "Vanity of Human Wishes" with the lines—

Let observation with extensive view,  
Survey mankind from China to Peru.

I hope that the *Daily Chronicle* leader-writer was not a member of the Johnson Club.

The *Daily Chronicle* may be congratulated upon its newest departure. On Feb. 11 it published the first of a series of illustrations, and it must be admitted that Sir Edward Burne-Jones's allegory of "Labour" is a triumph for daily journalism, so beautifully is a fine drawing reproduced. The experiment of the *Daily Chronicle* is, we understand, merely a temporary one, just to run over some few days of County Council excitement; nevertheless, it cannot be doubted but that the time is not far distant when every daily paper will be thoroughly illustrated.

Speculation is naturally rife as to Professor Seeley's successor as Regius Professor at Cambridge. The odds seem to be in favour of Mr. Oscar Browning, better known at his University as "The Great O. B." Mr. Browning's histories are dull, but Professor Seeley would have said that that was a claim. I understand, by the way, that Dr. Gardiner's refusal of the Chair at Oxford was largely guided by financial considerations. Owing to the depression in the landed interest, the post is worth less than half what it was a few years ago.

There is an amusing paragraph in the last issue of the *Publishers' Circular*. Referring to the discussion on the three-volume novel question, the writer alludes to the complaint that the compression of three volumes into one volume will represent small type. To the modest suggestion of Mr. Patchett Martin that a novel need not necessarily contain from 120,000 to 150,000 words, the editor remarks that "novelists are not likely to curtail or condense to the detriment of their pockets merely that readers like Mr. Patchett Martin may enjoy the luxury of good type and wide margins." This is all very well, but as a matter of fact, it is the business of editors of serial publications to look after their readers and not after the authors. No editor in his senses would allow an author to write 150,000 words for the pleasure of paying him so much per thousand, when it is quite obvious that the story would be much improved by being reduced to 50,000 or 60,000 words. Now and again we have a Dickens, a Thackeray, or a Meredith, to whom license may be allowed, but it may safely be said that half the novels of modern times have simply been padded to suit the twelve months' serial run of a magazine. Editors have only to say that they will not look at a story of more than 50,000 words, and they will not discover any deterioration in the fiction provided. They will, indeed, find a very great gain in the increased variety of stories they secure for their readers.

There has been a little discussion in the *Athenæum* between Mr. H. E. Watts, the well-known biographer and editor of "Don Quixote," and Mr. Bernard Quaritch, who first published that work. On the top of the announcement that Mr. Watts was about to reissue his "Don Quixote" with additional notes, Mr. Quaritch wrote to say that he had still some copies of the first edition in stock. No doubt there is some little dispute underlying these statements, but the point of interest to the literary man is the fact that here we have the very best translation of "Don Quixote," accompanied by the most scholarly notes that have ever been given to an edition of Cervantes' great work. Yet, with all the praise of "Don Quixote" which one constantly hears, this edition of 250 copies does not manage to go out of print. So much for the numerical strength of the admirers of the greatest of all novels. Why, let me add, does not some publisher give us Skelton's translation? But then I have answered that question.

C. K. S.



## TEN DAYS IN BOSNIA.

## IV.—SOUTHWARD.

"Wer sagt A muss auch B sagen," goes the old German proverb. Certainly if your A be Bosnia, your B cannot fail to be Herzegovina. You are compelled to the travel for the mere love of contrast. Since the days of your childhood the linked names have stared at you from geographies and places where they map; you could no more turn your back upon the sterile plains of Mostar than you could leave Paris and know nothing of Versailles.

For the matter of that, the journey is very well worth making, though Mostar itself is not a city which betrays the "smoke, wealth, and noise of Rome." Herzegovina is lovely chiefly in its barren beauties. It might be relied upon to kill a delicate man in three months; it would make a strong man weak in a year. During the inferno of its summer there is but one topic of discussion among its people. On every hand you are met by the question, "Have you a fever?" There is the after-suggestion, "And if not, why not?" inseparable from this; for no decent man in Mostar would pass the month of July without at least one calamity in his family. Even in winter

their charm; their precipices are awe-inspiring, in the correct meaning of the word; their glades and valleys, and chasms and defiles seem so many havens of unbroken solitude. It is impossible to cross this pass—now steaming slowly upon a road which clings like a creeping plant to the sheer face of the rock, now descending into a pit in whose ultimate depths the black sheep might well be offered—and to turn away the thought that here is truly the haven of stillness, the altar of the perfect silence. Nothing more desolate, nothing in its own way more grand, could the tourist find, and for this alone he will brace himself to the fevers of Mostar, and pursue boldly his journey to the terrors of the Narenta.

The crossing of the mountains is a work of some hours. Indeed, one is never free of the great limestone hills until the plain of Mostar itself is touched. But when the higher pass has been left behind, and the train has come down into the shelter of the river valley, the characteristic vegetation of Herzegovina begins to colour the landscape. Pomegranate-trees are everywhere, springing up from the

calcareous beds as though thriving in them. We see for the first time the tobacco-plant, resembling nothing so much as a riotous and overfed cabbage. The vines which give to Mostar its detestable wines—an opinion we hold despite the unwavering eulogy of M. de Blowitz for every blade of grass that grows in the provinces—wear the aspect of health and maturity. Such husbandmen as reap and sow, and are to be observed in their work from the windows of our carriage, resemble their kinsfolk of Bosnia; but a critic in the carriage hastens to assure us that the eyes, "the books, the arts, the academies," of the fairer sex are here more tender and languishing, their figures more developed, the swarthy skin more to be noticed.

All this one admits after a few days' rest in Mostar; but, during the journey, the desert-like aspect of the way struck

us forcibly. Save for the few stations, at which a score of big fellows with finely embroidered vests and thick white turbans lounged lazily, there was hardly a trace of habitation. Here and there a squat house of white stone with a tiled roof would look down upon one from the hillside. There were occasional breaks in the wall of rock which permitted one to see a mosque and a dozen decrepit huts about it; but the fields were almost empty, the road by the riverside destitute of pedestrians. We numbered no more than a dozen horsemen in the whole day of travel.

This notion of want of population is, however, entirely erroneous. The Herzegovinian is sparing of his labour. When he is not driven to the field by the need of bread, he will bask, like Mr. Gilbert's costermonger, in the baking sunshine. And you cannot be in Mostar an hour without being convinced of the exquisite perfection to which he has carried the art of idling. In this he has some excuse, since of all the cities of Europe that we know, Mostar should most readily provoke the enjoyment of the *dolce far niente*. For eight months of the year its sunshine is a terror; for four



A STREET IN MOSTAR.

the terrible north wind, the harsh untamable chilling blast, numbers its victims and blows shrill over their graves. Yet, as we have said, the man who goes to Bosnia must go also to Herzegovina—"I demens, et sævas curre per Alpes."

From Serajevo the journey to the capital of the southern province is neither fatiguing nor wearying. You may leave at eight o'clock in the morning and dine at the Hôtel Narenta at seven in the evening. If the weather be very hot, they will put you in an open wagon where you may acquire the freehold of unlimited dust without charge. If it be winter, you travel in one of the comfortable carriages upon the little metre railway, and may turn on hot air or cold as you please. But in either case the potent attractions of the scenery are not to be disputed. For many hours the line winds amid rugged mountains, snow-capped at this time, bare and mightily barren in the months of summer. The luxuriant vegetation of Bosnia quickly gives place to the karst formations, to the cusped limestone crags, to the valleys of iron-like rock. Through the interstices of the lesser hills you may look to other ranges, ever devoid of tree or shrub; to vast dome-shaped heights, burning like glasses in the full heat of the sun; even to fleecy bands of mountains whose summits can scarce be distinguished from the rolling white vapours about them. Just as Catholics sing of a dead bishop, "There shall not be found the like to him," so may you say of the passes of Herzegovina that there is nothing like to them in Europe. Their very baldness is



THE SOURCE OF THE BOUNA.



THE BRIDGE AT MOSTAR.

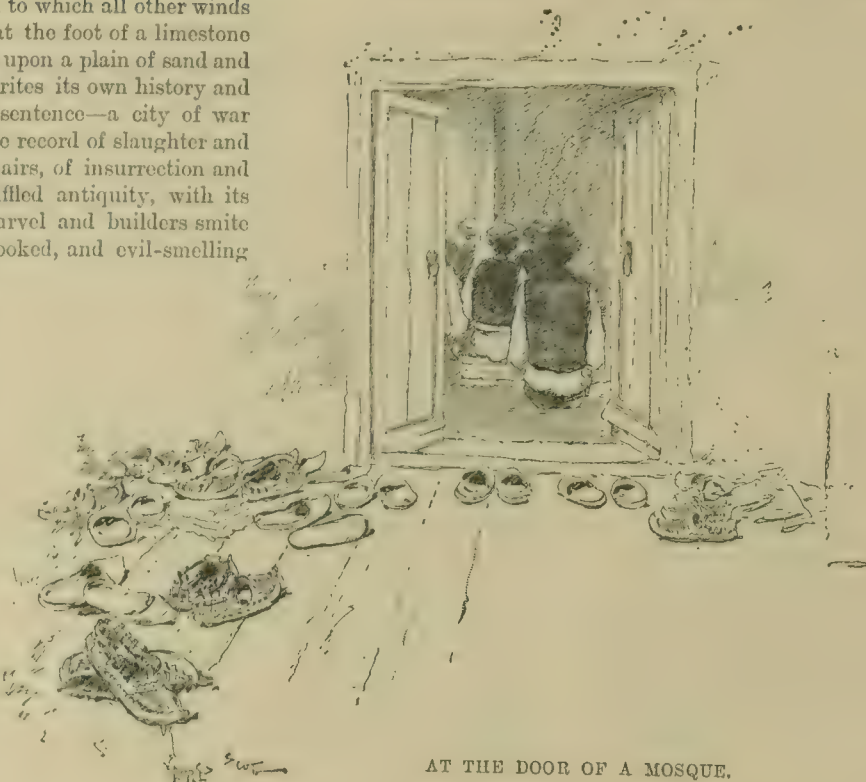


months you may shrivel in a wind to which all other winds are mere sighs of nature. Built at the foot of a limestone mount, lying in a well of the hills upon a plain of sand and boulders and moraines, the city writes its own history and its own climatic condition in a sentence—a city of war and heat, a city whose record is the record of slaughter and struggle, a city of dry and humid airs, of insurrection and of fever. Yet with all its unruffled antiquity, with its bridge at which architects may marvel and builders smite their breasts, with its narrow, crooked, and evil-smelling streets, there is a stamp of Western civilisation in the place which is deep enough to be amazing. The Hôtel Narenta is better than many hotels in Italy; the wares in the shops are the wares of Venice, of Vienna—even of Birmingham. The waiters have a cosmopolitan air, and greet you in any language you may inflict upon them; there is an omnibus which needs only the sign "Charing Cross" to be set going down Regent Street. And when you add to this the mosquitoes, which are abundant, and the fevers which you should rightly catch as an addition to your experience, your cup of content is indeed full.

When first we walked through the streets of Mostar it was past the hour of sundown. Most of the low houses were then closed, and despite the heat, both windows and doors were resolutely barred. In the main, these houses are built of white stone and are tiled, their lower floors being guarded by barred casements, and their upper windows marking by the green blinds the sacred precincts of the harem. But there is not a suggestion of drainage in the town, and though Austria is "thinking about it," the city remains one of the most unsanitary in Europe. This, perhaps, is one of the reasons why it continues to be picturesque; for picturesque it is beyond anything in the Balkans. At every turn some relic rises up of the days when Mostar stood in its rampart of mountains, and fought for the whole country the war against the enemy from within and the enemy from without. Its crooked streets have witnessed massacres untold; its Mohammedan women, veiled with velvet masks so that they cannot speak even with their eyes, remind you of the preservation of the faith of the Prophet in all its severity and all its pristine purity. Do you chance to see pretty figures upon the housetop, the figures of timid maidens peeping slyly down to the vanities

cause you to gasp for breath and consult your time-table—pause a moment, do not forget the bridge; the north wind may blow through you and ague bite your bones—say nothing; you must remain to the adoration of the bridge. And speak of it in hushed whispers because the Roman did not build it, and the guide-book devotes a chapter to its want of history.

And here we bid farewell to Bosnia and Herzegovina, the savage lairs of the Balkans. Nor could we bid them adieu without thinking again of the profound possibilities which the genius of M. de Kallay has called to our minds, of the lasting work which he has accomplished in the provinces. In something less than ten years the lands have passed from barbarism to civilisation, have become countries open to the traveller, have furnished Austria with a new guarantee for her place among the Powers. If she were called to account for her stewardship to-day, she would need but to take her traducers to Serajevo, and there to leave them to speak with the people, with Turk or Christian, Bosnian or Mohammedan. And when one remembers that the time is at hand when the opening up of highways and of railways in Dalmatia shall give to the empire practically the mastery of the Adriatic, and that the



AT THE DOOR OF A MOSQUE.



METKOVITCH.

of the world below, you must avert your head and remind yourself of the remoter East and the bewitching poetry of its amours. And when you come to the bridge, and a guide informs you that the inner arch is 17·85 metres, and that it was built during the Roman occupation, you must not contradict him, though you are perfectly well aware that an Italian from Dalmatia has the glory of it, and that the Sultan Sulejman was the inspiring genius. For Mostar loves its ancient arch, and to all your reproaches he will answer with praise of it. The city may be baked like an oven—but there is the bridge; its evil odours may

industries of Bosnia shall thus be carried to many men and many cities, it would seem, indeed, that the Baron has set his seal upon a work whose ultimate development no prophet may speak of. Bosnia, truly, is at this moment M. de Kallay—as M. de Kallay is Bosnia. Without him it were but a den of savagery and of internecine strife; with him it is becoming great among its neighbours, bearing the promise of seeing itself before many years have sped the strong adjunct of a nation which has need of strength if it would continue to be a name in the councils of Europe.

## ECLOGUES OF ARCADY.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

## VIII.—AN INTERVIEW WITH A COCK-SPARROW.

"Believe me," said the sparrow, "it pays to be civilised."  
"You seem to have found it so," I answered. "You and the rook, I take it, are just the two of our birds which have lost nothing and gained much by man's presence in our island."

"I believe you," said the sparrow, cocking his head on one side. He seemed ill to recognise the solemnity of being interviewed, which to the human subject is like having your photograph taken, combined with a compound visit to the dentist. "We are a dominant race, you see; that's just where it is. We have adapted ourselves to the environment. Birds like jays and hawfinches, now, are too shy and retiring: as civilisation advances, they retreat and sulk, and can't march with the age; but we and the rooks, we take advantage of every increase of human population to redouble our numbers. As fast as cultivation grows, we grow; man exists to provide us with food and shelter."

"Then you think your race has increased, and is still increasing?" I asked.

"Not a doubt of it, my dear Sir. We have multiplied enormously. Before the age of tillage, we were probably a small and unimportant group, no more conspicuous or remarkable in any way than the wretched little siskins or the grasshopper-warblers. But as cultivation develops, we develop, if you will excuse my Latin, *pari passu*. (Oh, yes, I know Latin well, because a near cousin of mine is the *Passer Italicus*.) However, as I was going to say when you interrupted me with a question, we have spread about everywhere that grain will grow in Europe. That's because we are bold, courageous birds, not afraid of every passing object we see, like the bluethroats and the creepers; while at the same time we are cautious, quick, eager, and wary, and get out of the way of danger at a moment's notice. My own opinion is that even in Europe we must have been a mere handful of birds before cultivation spread, and that since that time we have pushed ourselves by our energy and enterprise into a leading position. About great cities alone, we may be reckoned by our myriads; and then, just look at our colonial expansion!"

"You have emigrated largely, I believe," I said, "to America and the Colonies?"

"Bless my soul, yes; we have followed European civilisation almost everywhere. We allow mankind to go ahead of us for a few years, just to prepare the way, and get our corn and oats into working order; and then we gain a foothold in the newly acquired lands, and naturally oust the uncivilised natives. We have annexed America, and are killing out inferior types in many other regions. What do I mean by inferior types? Why, non-sparrows, of course; such lower grades, don't you know, as Australians and New Zealanders."

"Excuse my asking a delicate question, but do you do much damage, from the farmer's point of view, to the crops and the gardens? You see, we men have a narrow-minded way of regarding these things from a somewhat restricted human standpoint."

The sparrow gazed at me hard out of the corner of his eye. "Well, I don't want it put in print," he said confidentially, "for farmers are so unreasonable; but I will admit that at certain times of the year we do pick up a good many seeds out of fields and gardens. But then consider how many insects we help to eat up. Why, I lived for a week last year upon aphides—what the farmers call bean-bugs. We must be philosophical, my dear Sir; we must be philosophical. There's a give and take in these affairs, you may depend upon it."

He ruffled his neck as he spoke, and I observed it was marked by a conspicuous black band I had never before noticed. "That's a pretty cravat of yours," I interposed, just to change the subject.

"Yes, it is pretty," he admitted, swelling himself out a bit as he said it. "Our women don't have them, you know, nor the young ones either. This beautiful decoration is the peculiar glory and special distinction of the adult cock-sparrow. And anything cockier than he looked at that moment it would be hard to imagine."

It occurred to me as he spoke that I had seldom seen a slenderer form of masculine adornment on which to pride oneself, till I suddenly recollected that a black moustache on a human face must be as relatively inconspicuous to any other species; and I have never noticed that the possessors of well-grown black moustaches underrated their importance.

"You have a large family, I believe," I remarked, as he chirped to his mate cheerily.

"Oh, several of them," he answered with a nonchalant air; "sometimes as many as three yearly. We are a dominant race, you know, and we don't always trouble to build our own nests; we just drive out a house-martin, or take possession of a sand-martin's burrow in a cutting. Arbitrary, did you say? Oh, well, you see, we are sparrows; and, of course, we can make a much better use of them. Poor devils of martins, they have to go elsewhere and house themselves as best they may—the survivors, that is to say; for a good many of them get killed and torn to pieces in the process of readjustment. They're such savages, you see; we're obliged to be sharp with them. Why, I've known a horde of house-martins fight in defence of their wretched mud hovels till we were compelled to exterminate them. Well, I'm off now; ta-ta! Mind you send me a copy of your paper with this interview. And oh, by the way, if you describe my wife, just make the most you can of that pale streak over her eye, will you? It is all she has to be proud of, poor thing. She's not as distinguished-looking as I am, of course; but let her down gently, please; do let her down gently."



## ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Even our insular prejudices against duelling will scarcely condemn the action of Lieutenant Canrobert in trying to bring to book the traducer of his father. I say "trying to bring to book," for at the time of writing the challenge has not been accepted, and if it were, the issue of the encounter, in spite of the young Spahi's supposed proficiency in the practice of arms, would still be a matter of uncertainty. Armand Carrel was an erstwhile officer, and Emile de Girardin a civilian, yet Girardin killed Carrel. In an encounter between Boulanger and M. Charles Floquet, the advantage was presumed on the former's side, yet the *pékin* wounded the soldier. In an encounter which took place either nine or ten years ago this very month at Dunkirk, between Lieutenant Chapuis, whose family I knew, and a commercial traveller named Dekeyrel, the man of the road dispatched the man of the sword.

But whatever the result of the challenge, Lieutenant Canrobert had virtually no choice but to send it to M. Hubbard. Had he, Lieutenant Canrobert, omitted to do so, he would not have been able to hold his head up again among his fellow-officers. I will go further still—and I am not speaking without authority—and unhesitatingly say that his colonel would probably have suggested his exchanging into another regiment, and the difficulty

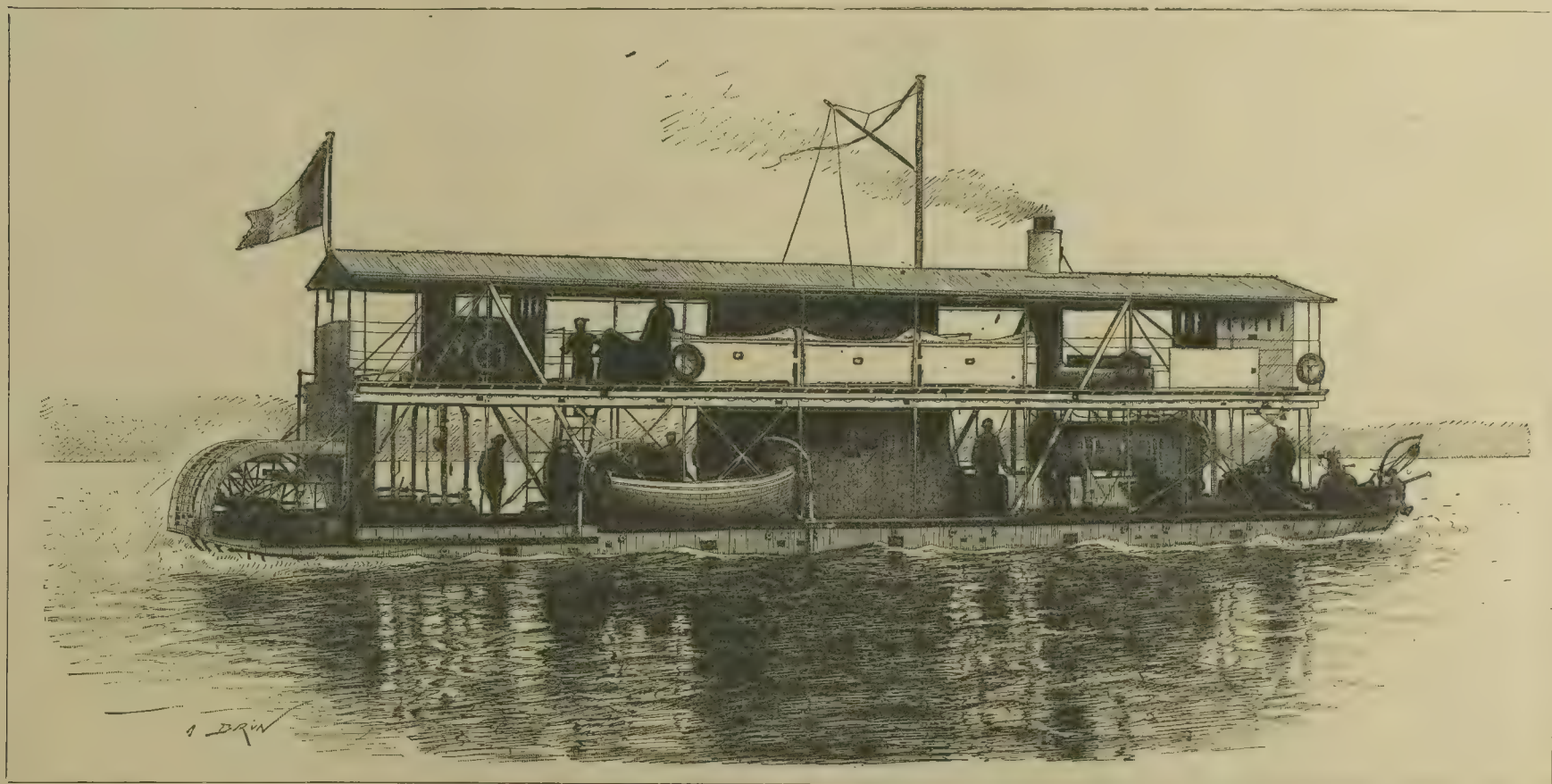
for hesitating to act as Canino's second, and Pierre Bonaparte, Canino's brother, the same who shot Victor Noir in 1870, challenged the Count for his hesitation and wounded him.

These attempts on the part of the sons to avenge the wrongs done to their fathers have, however, their comic as well as tragic sides, and the Englishman with but a superficial knowledge of France is apt, I am afraid, to judge by the comic side only. It must be remembered that Heine said, "All Frenchmen are actors; the worst are generally on the stage." The moment an episode leads to laughter, the whole of reading Europe is in a roar; when the episode breaks some widow's or orphan's heart, the tears are shed in silence, and reading Europe does not as much as get a glimpse of the real tragedy. Here is a comic companion-picture to the tragic. In the early sixties there flourished in Paris a writer, not altogether devoid of talent, but who used that talent as a professional libeller. His real name was Jacquot, his *nom de guerre* Eugène de Mirecourt. Week after week, month after month, he produced biographies of men of note, which made the public shriek with delight, for they were clever as well as spiteful. The subjects of those biographies did, however, not laugh. One day there appeared in a paper, long since defunct, a violent onslaught on Alexandre Dumas *père*. The article openly taxed the great novelist with living on the brains of his

## THE FRENCH GUN-BOAT "PRÉCIEUSE."

The special flotilla for the French naval expedition to Madagascar is being constructed as rapidly as possible. Already more than one gun-boat is completed, the first being the *Précieuse*, of which we give an illustration. It does the greatest credit to the firm of ship-builders which only commenced it on Dec. 10, 1894, and yet was able to launch it in a month's time. The official trial-trip on Jan. 17 proved very satisfactory. The company has three other gun-boats in hand which will soon be ready for transportation. The *Précieuse* carries two quick-firing guns, and travels at the rate of six knots an hour.

The Hon. George Curzon, M.P., has been present at the debates in the House of Commons—very ordinary affairs after his interesting travels in Afghanistan. He will publish in volume form the admirable letters contributed to the *Times* detailing his adventures and his visit to the Ameer. It is quite uncertain whether the Ameer will come to this country this year, but if not, there is a prospect of his sending a representative. By the way, in a recent interview, Sir Richard Tangye mentioned that Sir Thomas Salter Pyne, who is the Ameer's right-hand man at Cabul, was formerly engaged at Tangye's famous engineering works. If Dr. Smiles wants another theme, why should he not write of the five Tangye brothers, who offer so remarkable an example of success earned by hard



THE FRENCH GUN-BOAT "PRÉCIEUSE," SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED FOR THE MADAGASCAR EXPEDITION.

would have been into which regiment to exchange, for all without exception would have preferred his room to his company, and made little ceremony in telling him so. There are certain insults which, according to Frenchmen, and notwithstanding the laws against duelling, can only be washed out in blood, and the insult to the deceased Marshal's memory by M. Hubbard comes distinctly under that rubric. No victorious action at law, no amount of damages, could atone for it. If the offender were a prince of the blood, with his relative seated on the throne, he could not refuse satisfaction for the outrage he has committed.

The Prince de Canino—the son of Lucien Bonaparte—had to answer for what I consider a less grave offence than that committed by M. Hubbard, while his cousin, Louis Napoleon, was only President. For I take it—and many will agree with me—that a man's life is less valuable than his honour. Canino was President of the Roman Assembly when Count Rossi, the Minister of Pius IX., was assassinated on the steps of the Vatican. About two years and a half later, Canino was dining with the Vice-President of the Chamber (Boulay de la Meurthe) at the Café d'Orsay when someone who refused to give his card asked to see him. Canino sent word that he refused to get up from his dinner for a person without a name. On leaving the restaurant Canino was accosted by a young man who asked him if he was the Prince de Canino. On his replying in the affirmative the stranger spat in his face, "You are a scoundrel and an assassin! I am Count Rossi's son."

Young Rossi was not far wrong, yet Louis Napoleon was very much offended with the Count de Niewerkerke

collaborators. The title itself was a happy inspiration of its kind: "Manufactory of Novels. Alexandre Dumas and Co."

The father happened to be away from Paris; the son sent his seconds to Mirecourt. "You say, gentlemen," said the biographer, "that you are acting in behalf of M. Dumas *fils*?" The two gentlemen bowed assent; thereupon Mirecourt rings for his servant. "Tell my son to come to me," he orders. And to his visitors' great surprise, there appears a little urchin, his face besmeared with jam. Mirecourt, though, remains perfectly serious. "Gentlemen," he remarks at last, "I feel convinced that my son is as ticklish about his father's honour as the son of M. Alexandre Dumas is about his father's. As it is absolutely necessary that the rôles should be equal, you had better arrange matters with him." With which he leaves the two friends of the future eminent dramatist.

I have read in my time the opinions of hundreds of eminent men on the practice of duelling. Most of those opinions are directly condemnatory of the practice; yet the practice continues to prevail largely in France, to a lesser extent in Italy and Germany, while in Russia it is almost strictly confined to the army. We have abolished it altogether. Yet I should much like to hear the opinion of those who have been foully libelled themselves or in the person of one dear to them. When substantial damages have been awarded to them—damages the payment of which rarely inconveniences the offender—when such substantial damages have been paid to their banking account, does the wound inflicted cease to pain? I am only asking a question.

work? Sir Richard Tangye has himself told modestly the story of his life; but there is plenty of other material in the history of the firm and its skilful employés.

Mr. S. R. Crockett was the guest of the New Vagabonds' Club at a dinner given in the Holborn Restaurant on Feb. 8. The chairman was Mr. F. Frankfort Moore, who gracefully welcomed his brother author to London. Mr. Crockett modestly replied in some spontaneous sentences, saying that he had not thought it right to spoil a good dinner for the sake of making a bad speech. Several of his phrases were thoroughly characteristic of the man who wrote "The Stickit Minister," and he was very warmly applauded. The Hon. R. Porter, who took the census of the United States, likewise responded as a guest of the club.

Dr. Percival's appointment to the see of Hereford adds another ex-Head Master to the Episcopal Bench. It will be remembered that the Archbishop of Canterbury was formerly Head Master of Wellington College, where he accomplished a good deal of useful work. Dr. Temple was Head Master at Rugby before he became Bishop of Exeter, and subsequently of London. Many young men were pupils of the present Bishop of Bangor when Dr. Lloyd was Head Master of the Friars School, and afterwards of Christ College, Brecon. Then the Bishop of Southwell is much more familiar to Winchester men as Dr. Ridding, who for seventeen years was Head Master of the ancient college. "Once a pedagogue always a pedagogue," is a rule with many exceptions, and in episcopal work there is much that comes easily to one accustomed to rule a school. Has not Dr. Temple said that of the two offices, he thought the Head Mastership of Rugby was the more responsible because the more supreme?



## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Two correspondents courteously reply to my inquiry regarding the kinetoscope. One gentleman reminds me that Mr. Muybridge illustrated his lectures on animal locomotion at the Royal Institution by means of "a combination of the kinetoscope and magic lantern." It is the opinion of this correspondent that Mr. Muybridge carried this principle, or at least the application of that instrument, a little further than did Mr. Edison. My correspondent (Mr. T. W. Erle) forwards to me his interesting book called "Science in the Nursery; or, Children's Toys, and What They Teach." This book is really a capital introduction to science at large, and I find that Mr. Erle suggests in its pages an application of the zoetrope to photography, which really represents in its essence the principle of the kinetoscope. My second correspondent refers me to *La Nature* for Dec. 3, 1887, for an account of M. Marey's experiments into the problems connected with the flight of birds. Marey, it seems, fixed bronze models, made from his photographs of gulls in flight, on a revolving table. When regarded through a slit in an outer casing, the movements of the birds were, of course, reproduced on the zoetrope principle. From these and similar facts it would appear that the kinetoscope principle has long been utilised in science; although I presume there is yet a wide field before scientific photography in respect of its reproductions in a form which will admit of large numbers of persons witnessing them as they observe a spectacle upon a stage.

A correspondent writes to me regarding my remarks on mummy-seeds when giving recently an account of the researches of Dr. W. Carruthers on this topic. It will be remembered that Dr. Carruthers analysed several typical instances, in which it was alleged that mummy-wheat and mummy-peas had sprung into vitality after thousands of years' dormant existence. His conclusion was that such a result was a physical impossibility, and he further showed that none of the instances given were above suspicion in respect of new and recent seeds having become mixed up with the mummy productions. My correspondent says that she attended the late Mr. J. Macgregor's lecture about twenty years ago, and heard him state that he gave half of the corn he took from a mummy-case (which he saw opened for the first time) to a well-known gardener. The other half of the corn he himself kept, and sowed it in a pot which was kept in the window of his London residence. His share of the corn grew, it is asserted; and my correspondent adds that for years she possessed a photograph of Mr. Macgregor, dressed in Arab costume, with the mummy-corn growing in its pot by his side. She adds that other copies of this photograph must still be in existence. But Dr. Carruthers' contention, let us remember, was, and is, that in all the cases he examined there never was a certainty that the mummy-seeds had not been mixed with modern ones; while in one case he showed that the peas sprouting from the alleged ancient seeds were modern peas. Perhaps Arab trickery has a good deal to do with the successful growing of mummy wheat and peas. The scientific presumptions and evidence are entirely against the suggestion that, for ages, any seeds can retain their vitality persistent and unchanged.

Professor Vivian Lewes, whose researches in illuminants are well known, has been giving the British householder some valuable hints in the way of increasing his gas-candle power at small cost. His remarks on acetylene are worth perusal and remembrance. This is a clear, colourless gas, made from calcic carbide, a pound of which, when pure, will yield 5.3 cubic feet of acetylene. This latter gas has a strong, pungent odour, like that of garlic; this last being a quality which is valuable enough, as Professor Lewes remarks, in that if any escape should exist, its odour would at once give the alarm. Now, Professor Lewes has shown that all the hydrocarbons present in coal-gas and other light-giving flames are converted by the baking action which goes on in the inner non-luminous part of the flame into acetylene, before any luminosity is produced. Therefore it is this gas which, rapidly decomposing, gives the luminous flame with the particles of carbon. These are heated to incandescence, and impart to the flame its light-emitting power.

Acetylene thus stands forth as the cause of luminosity, and is the most powerful of the gases of hydrocarbon kind which we use for light-production. It must be consumed, however, we are told, in flat-flame burners of small size; but even then it gives a light which is greater than that of any other known gas. At a consumption of five cubic feet per hour, acetylene gives a light of 240-candle power. As to cost of production, Professor Lewes says that calcic carbide can be produced at about four pounds per ton, and a ton yields 11,000 cubic feet of acetylene. But the lime is left as a by-product, and yields 10s. per ton, so that the gas would cost 6s. 4½d. per 1000 cubic feet, and in illuminating value would be equal to London gas at 6d. a thousand. Easily made, acetylene could be employed satisfactorily to light up country houses, while it is added that its own high light-giving powers should make it our best aid in improving and enriching coal-gas of poor quality.

A thorough vegetable pest is the squirrel-tail grass, or fox-tail grass (*Hordeum jubatum*), of the Western States of America. I observe that cattle suffer materially from the ravages of this species. The awns of the grass are barbed, and they penetrate the gums of the animal near the teeth, producing suppuration and ulceration of the gums and bones, and causing the teeth to drop out. Further details are given of the disorganisation of the mouth-parts in animals which happen to eat this grass with their hay. The recital of what this grass accomplishes in the way of torturing animals suggests to us that on occasion Dame Nature can herself be singularly cruel to her creatures. When we read of barbed and hooked seeds driving lions mad, and of other vegetable devices for scattering seeds bringing pain and disease to animals, one is forced to the conclusion that the survival of the fittest and the success of one organism in life may, and often does, imply serious loss and disadvantage to another. Nature now and then is a vivisectionist, it seems, on her own account.

## CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

E W D (Edgbaston).—Thanks; it shall be examined.

H E KIPSON.—Amended position to hand, and marked for immediate insertion.

A S A P (Ryde).—Apply to the British Chess Company, Southampton Row, Holborn.

W T PIERCE.—No. 1 has another solution by 1. Q to B 3rd, and we think K to B 3rd is fatal to No. 2. Shall be glad to see them back in due course.

G DOUGLAS ANGAS.—1. Q to K sq is also a solution to your problem.

Dr A R V SASTRY (Mysore).—Your solutions of holiday problems are all correct.

T G PURKAR (Jhansi, India).—Solutions correct.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2646 received from Professor B V Joshi (Indore); of No. 2647 from Dr A R V Sastry (Mysore), T G Purkar (Jhansi), and Professor B V Joshi; of No. 2649 from J W Shaw (Montreal) and Emile Frau (Lyons); of No. 2651 from Thomas H Pratt (Newbury), J G Thurfield, and Emile Frau (Lyons); of No. 2652 from W E Thompson, Oliver Icingla, Miss Marie S Priestley (Bangor, County Down), J Bailey (Newark), H N, J D Tucker (Leeds), F Leete (Sudbury), and Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2653 received from Miss Marie S Priestley, T G (Ware), J S Wesley, J G Thurfield, J D Tucker (Leeds), W R Raillem, G T Hughes (Athy), Bluet, W D A Barnard (Uppingham), Borden School, J T Blakemore (Edgbaston), Sorrento, E E H, E Loudon, Lieutenant-Colonel E H Ryan, E B Foord, C E Perugini, Robert Fortescue Hind (Leicester), Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), W David (Cardiff), Dawn, H Moss (Sleaford), Shadforth, T Roberts, M A Eyre (Folkestone), Alpha, J Dixon, C Butcher (Botesdale), A Freeman, H H Brooks, R Polwell, R Worters (Canterbury), E W Burnell (Edgbaston), Mr and Mrs H B Byrnes (Torquay), C M A B, F Leete (Sudbury), Charles Burnett, L Desanges, Charles Wagner (Vienna), and George Hardecastle (Brighton).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2652.—By W. T. PIERCE.

WHITE.

1. B to B 6th

2. Q to R 2nd

3. Q to K 2nd

4. Q Mates.

BLACK.

K to K 5th

Any move

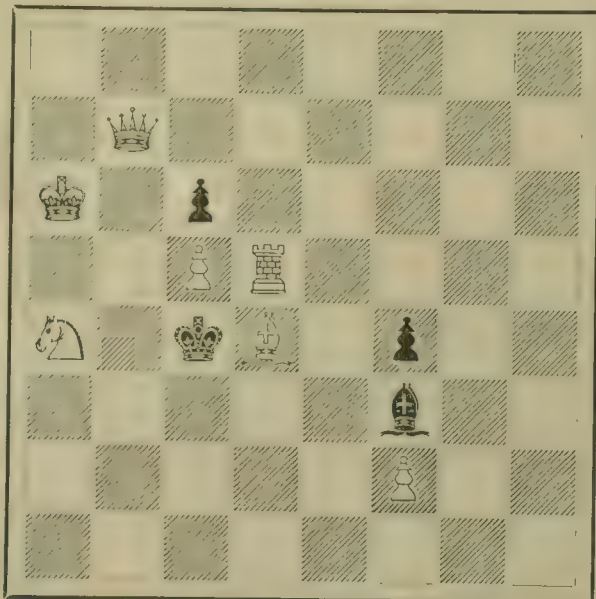
Any move

If Black play 1. K to Q 3rd, 2. Q to R sq, followed by 3. Q to B 6th (ch), and 4. B to K 5th, mate; if Black play 1. Any other move, then 2. Q to R 7th, etc.

PROBLEM No. 2655.

By C. PLANCK.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

## CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the City Club Tourney between Messrs. A. J. MAAS and G. MARTINEAU.

(Queen's Bishop's Pawn Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. Maas).	BLACK (Mr. Martineau).	WHITE (Mr. Maas).	BLACK (Mr. Martineau).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	20. Kt takes P	B takes Kt
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	21. Kt takes B	P takes Kt
3. P to B 3rd	P to Q 4th	B to Q 4th is far better. The Kt has no good square to play to, and White cannot play Q to B 5th, because of P to B 5th, defending his own Bishop and attacking two pieces.	
4. B to Kt 5th	P to B 3rd	22. R takes B	Kt to K 4th
This continuation is not to be commended. P takes P is better, and after Kt takes P, Q to 4th.		23. R to R 3rd	Q to Kt 3rd
5. Q to R 4th	Kt to K 2nd	24. R to Kt 3rd	Q to R 4th
6. P to Q 3rd	P to Q R 3rd	25. B to Q 4th	P to B 5th
7. B takes Kt (ch)	Kt takes B	26. R to R 3rd	Q to Kt 4th
8. B to K 3rd	B to K 2nd	Q to B 4th is the correct move.	
P takes P, followed by B to K 3rd, and in due course B to Q 3rd leads to a better development.		27. B takes Kt	P takes B
9. Q Kt to Q 2nd	B to K 3rd	28. P to Q 4th	Q to B 4th
10. Castles (K R)	Castles	29. Q to B 4th (ch)	K to R sq
11. Kt to K sq		30. P takes P	K R to K sq
Defending Q P, and preparing for the advance of the K B P.		31. R to Q B 3rd	P to R 3rd
12. P takes Q P	P to B 4th	32. P to K 6th	R to K 2nd
13. P to K R 4th	P to Q Kt 4th	33. R to B 3rd	P to Kt 4th
Somewhat hazardous. Unless carefully handled the pawns on the Queen's side will become weak.		The Rooks ought to have been doubled at once.	
14. Q to B 2nd	B to Q 3rd	34. R to Q 3rd	Q R to K sq
15. P takes P	B takes K P	35. R to Q 6th	P to Q R 4th
16. K Kt to B 3rd	B to Q 3rd	36. P to Q Kt 4th	P takes P
17. P to Q R 3rd	Q to K sq	37. P takes P	P to B 6th
18. Q R to K sq	Q to R 4th	38. Q to B 3rd (ch)	K to Kt sq
19. P to B 4th	P takes P	39. Q takes P	Q to Kt 4th
With the exchanges that now follow Black comes out with the worst of the position. He should have at once played B takes Kt; R takes R, P to B 5th, and we think White has no advantage.		40. Q to K 4th	R to K B sq
		41. P to Kt 3rd	
		Leading to a pretty termination.	
		42. R to Q 8th (ch)	K to Kt 2nd
		43. Q to Q 4th (ch)	K to Kt 3rd
		44. R to Kt 7th (ch)	K to R 4th
		45. Q to R 4th (ch)	P takes Q
		46. P to Kt 4th, Mate	

The Hastings Chess Club, in that enterprising spirit which has marked its management of late, and which seems characteristic of the town itself in other pastimes, proposes to hold an International Chess Tournament during the month of August in the present year. To give the proposal a fair start, funds have been locally raised to the amount of £250, and the committee now solicit further pecuniary support from the chess-players of the United Kingdom, by whose generosity it is hoped the congress may be made a hearty support. But we trust the entire control of the affair will be kept in the hands of the Hastings executive, as it is only by a vigorous and independent line of conduct that the squabbles and jealousies so often marring these meetings can be kept under. Subscriptions may be sent to Mr. A. H. Hall, 33, London Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea.

A match is arranged between Mr. Blackburne and Herr Bardeleben, to be played at the British Chess Club, Sir George Newnes, Bart., having provided the necessary expenses.

Herr Marco, of Vienna, is editing a chess page with his well-known energy and skill. We quote from it a problem by Herr Marco himself, and will be pleased to acknowledge solutions—

White: K at Q B sq; Q at K B 8th; R at K R 5th; Kts at Q 2nd and Q B 8th; B at Kt 8th; Ps at K R 4th, Q R 3rd and 4th.  
Black: K at Q 5th; B at Kt 6th; Ps at Q 6th, Q B 7th, Q B 2nd and 3rd.  
White mates in three moves.

## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

More sensation has been produced by the Countess of Warwick's costume ball than by any similar event since the one given by the Queen at the beginning of the reign. The cause of the exceptional success was the same in both cases—that the invitations specified a particular period for the costumes. There is no doubt that this is the most effective arrangement. The Queen's period was the reign of Edward III., and the Prince Consort appeared as that monarch, while her Majesty represented Queen Philippa. The Duchess of Cambridge led a procession of a hundred and twenty persons, representing leading characters of France, Italy, and Spain at that period, while the Court generally adopted English characters. The dress of the Middle Ages, however, was less picturesque than that of the French Court at the end of the last century. Powdered hair, which is so becoming to the complexion, assisted by high white wigs, laid into a multitude of puffs and curls, and adorned with forests of high feathers; gowns held wide over huge paniers, and made of rich brocades, one skirt opening down the front over another equally fine; lace or fine gauze pelerines; shoes embroidered with diamonds, or those called "venez-y-voir," having the seam at the back of the high heel inlaid with emeralds—all combined to make attractive and picturesque the splendid Court of the hapless Queen who was to die on the scaffold after all. It is said that the Empress Maria Theresa returned to Marie Antoinette a portrait with the huge plumes on the head, saying—"I desired a portrait of my daughter, the Queen of France. I have received that of an actress." But the rebuke had no effect on the gay and extravagant young sovereign of the most frivolous and most decorative Court of Europe. There was probably never a more sumptuous costume-period.

Lady Warwick's own dress as Marie Antoinette consisted of a full "paniered" skirt and peaked bodice of a Louis brocade, the ground pearl-grey, lightly shot with pink, and the floral design in pink, green, and gold. A white lace pelerine finished off the décolletage, and a long train of blue velvet embroidered with fleurs-de-lis in gold was worn from the shoulders. The high puffed head-dressing was powdered, and surmounted with two white and one pink waving ostrich-feathers, and a stiff aigrette of blue fixed with diamonds and sapphires, and a bandeau of diamonds. A great number of diamonds were pinned into the fichu and stomacher, and it is not surprising that the lovely lady who is signalling her accession to her peerage by both social and benevolent activity was on this occasion a perfect vision of splendour. Not less striking appears to have been the appearance of her half-sister, the Duchess of Sutherland, whose dress was of white satin embroidered with gold in an embossed fashion with large birds flying, while her train was of red velvet enriched with gold fleurs-de-lis and bordered with ermine, and the Sutherland jewels—rubies, diamonds, and sapphires—were worn in profusion.

Mrs. Thornycroft's death reminds us how few women have seriously sought fame as she did—in sculpture, followed as a profession. Both the Princess Royal and Princess Louise have given much attention, and successfully, to this branch of art. Earlier we had the Hon. Mrs. Damer, who was a sort of universal genius, but withal only a fashionable amateur, in the last century. In our own time two American women have reached a high place: one, Harriet Hosmer, has been at work for the last forty years, and is very generally known; the other, Anne Whitney, has already reached a high degree of excellence in her art, but is young enough yet to have much of her life's work before her. Mrs. Thornycroft was happy in having her capacity in this direction encouraged, first by her father, himself a sculptor, and then by her husband, who was one of her father's pupils. Her prosperity further depended very greatly on the magnanimous praise of her work to the Queen by Gibson, the sculptor so celebrated in the middle of this century as the reviver (or inventor) of tinted statuary, whose acquaintance she made in Rome. The Queen, who admired Gibson's work, invited him to model her babies; but he suggested that Mrs. Thornycroft was more suitable than himself for the task, and so the young sculptress (she was still under thirty then) returned to London and was entrusted with the task of reproducing the baby charms of Princess Alice in 1843. So satisfactory did her work prove that she afterwards had the honour of "sculpting" many members of the royal family; and, of course, other commissions were not then wanting. One of the most interesting pieces of work entrusted to her was a statue of Alderman Pochin for the Corporation of Salford.

It is interesting to know that Gibson, who did so much for Mrs. Thornycroft in that generous recommendation, was also the teacher of Harriet Hosmer. She went to Rome already thoroughly grounded in anatomy and the technique of her art; but it was in her seven years in Gibson's studio that she developed into a really great sculptor. She produced in 1855 a "Puck" so delightfully full of life and fun that he was reproduced thirty times, once for the Prince of Wales, and Miss Hosmer received in all about six thousand pounds for the sprite. The Prince of Wales has a replica of another of her works, "A Sleeping Faun," the original of which was bought for £1000. Her chief work is considered to be "Zenobia in Chains," executed in 1859; this was exhibited throughout the chief cities of the States. It was after this that Gibson found it needful to reply to a slanderous statement that her works were really done by some man—a "ghost." He wrote tartly: "She has uncommon talent. She has studied under my own eyes for seven years. . . . If Miss Hosmer's works were the production of other artists and not her own, there would be in my studio two impostors—Miss Hosmer and Myself." With one or two such bright examples of success before them, it is rather surprising that more women have not turned their attention to sculpture. Miss Hosmer's countrywomen, however, have gone on before ours in this respect. There was a good deal of ambitious work by women sculptors in the Chicago Exhibition, the most notable being a statue of heroic size, a female figure representing "Illinois Welcoming the Nations," which was a commission from the State to a woman.



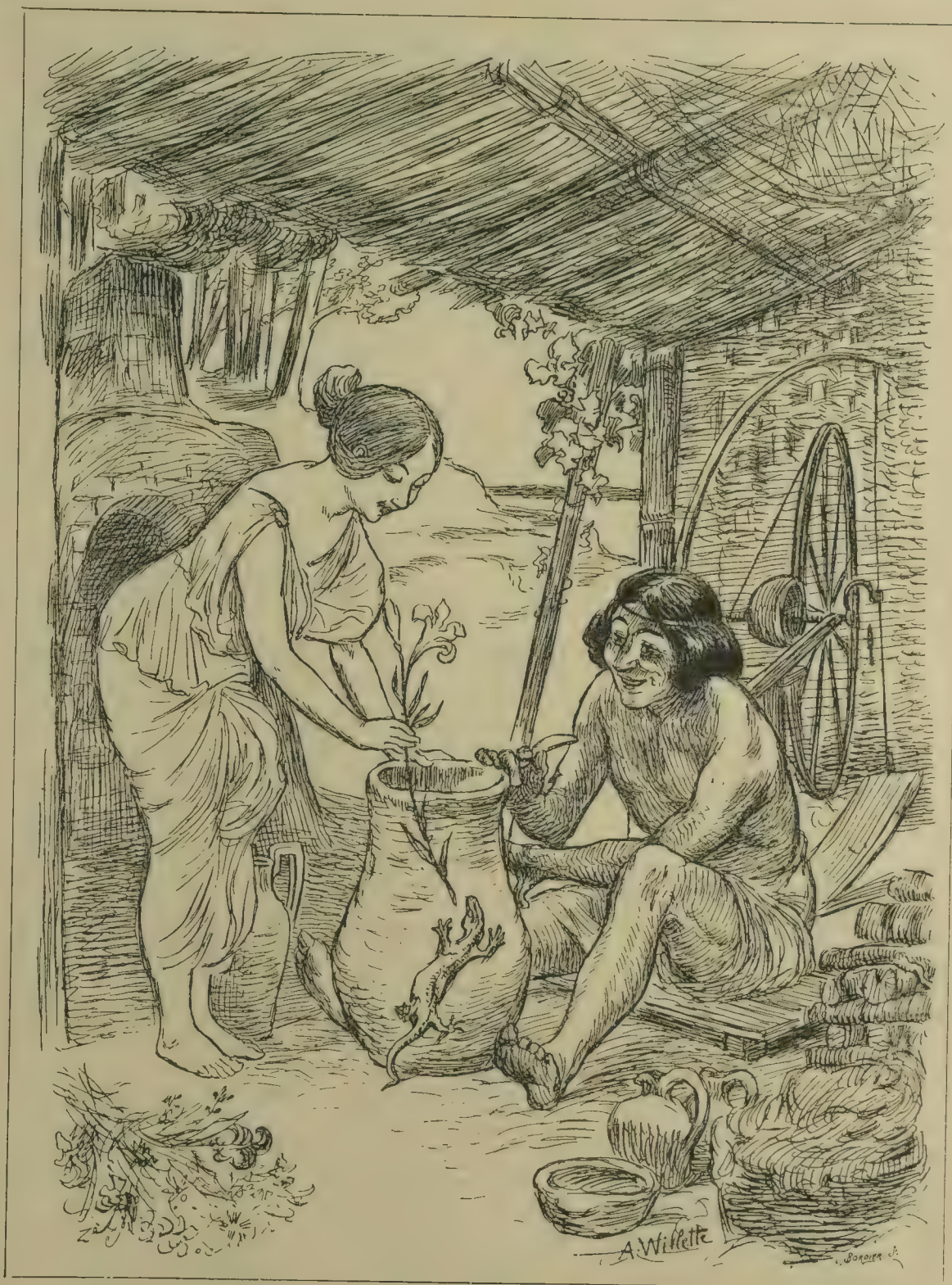
# A HAPPY UNION.

Drawn by WILLETTE.

For several weeks past the most artistic illustrated paper of Paris, *Le Courrier Français*, has been, and will continue, publishing the biographies, together with several drawings—for the most part appearing for the first time—of our best artists. The most interesting feature of this is the personal criticism of each artist by the Editor-in-Chief. Moreover, this is the first time that a series of articles of this kind has taken place in France. Putting aside a few moderate criticisms, the general opinion, gathered from the habitual readers of the *Courrier Français* (who, more especially, comprise artists and persons of taste), is rather favourable to our artists; and the superiority of their productions—taken as a whole—in contradistinction to that of the French artists, is in no way discussed. Coming as it does from a paper so essentially Parisian as the *Courrier Français*, this declaration is agreeable to note.

The first series of portraits of English artists announced by the *Courrier Français* comprises: Messrs. Phil May, A. Chantrey Corbould, Dudley Hardy, H. Raven Hill, Griefenhagen, Beardsley, Manuel, Eckhardt, Townsend, Pegram, Sullivan, Hartrick, etc.

Nearly all the above-named artists, understanding how interesting and at the same time how useful it is to unite artistic sentiment with industrial advertising, have not hesitated to compose some very excellent drawings (of which some have already appeared and others are about to appear in all the illustrated papers of London), for Géraudel's Pastilles, the remedy—so popular in England—for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Laryngitis, Asthma, etc., and in general all the maladies of the respiratory organs so frequent in this cold and damp weather. Some of the best French artists, contributors to the *Courrier Français*—MM. Forain, Chéret, Willette, Louis Legrand, Lunel, Henri Pille, had already shown them the example in dedicating to Géraudel's Pastilles some exceedingly remarkable



THE ARTS APPLIED TO INDUSTRY.

and most artistic drawings. Among the foremost M. Chéret must be cited. Many Londoners, at the Exhibition of Posters at the Royal Aquarium, were able to admire the very remarkable poster of Géraudel's Pastilles signed "Chéret." This was certainly the finest poster in the Exhibition.

Again, it is curious to remark the zeal displayed by English and foreign scenic, dramatic, and lyric *artistes*, in announcing the excellent results obtained by the use of these Pastilles; their numerous testimonials are sufficient proof of this. They emanate from Mesdames Albani, Langtry, Florence St. John, Marie Roze, Melba, Sigrid Arnoldson, Sarah Bernhardt, Yvette Guilbert, Jeanne Granier, Ugalde, Thérèse, and MM. Coquelin, Paulus, etc., who testify in the highest manner to the marvellous cures, almost instantaneous, that they have obtained in the

course of their theatrical career, thanks to the use made of Géraudel's Pastilles.

In the medical world, in the literary world, in the judicial world, and in the learned and religious world, the testimonials are equally as high and quite as convincing.

Here, then, is a convenient remedy to take in all weathers, in all places; at home, in the street, whilst travelling, whilst hunting, whilst fishing, etc., which affords protection to the bronchia and lungs in cold and damp weather, fogs, etc., their moderate price allowing of their being purchased by all parties, as they cost no more than 1s. 1½d. the case of 72 Pastilles.

Those who do not even make a trial of these Pastilles in order to convince themselves might almost be deemed guilty, and can have no excuse if they catch a severe cold, or suffer from an acute attack of bronchitis or any other complaint affecting the respiratory organs which might be expensive to cure, not to mention the question of generally impaired health.



## ART NOTES.

The selection of Mr. Edward R. Hughes from among the Associates for full membership of the Royal Water-Colour Society is a fitting recognition of the good work he has produced during many previous years. The figure-painters among the members of the R.W.S. are not especially conspicuous, and Mr. Hughes's portraits and studies in the present winter exhibition were referred to recently in these columns. His most important picture, of which the subject was taken from one of the unnecessarily translated "Nights" of Straparola, showed Mr. Hughes's qualities in their best light, and proved him to be not only an accurate draughtsman, but a refined colourist, bold enough to wrestle with problems instead of evading them.

Of the claims of Mr. R. W. Macbeth or Mr. E. A. Abbey to be admitted as Associates of the Royal Water-Colour Society it is impossible to speak, for the simple reason that they are either non-existent or unknown. The former made his reputation as a painter in oils; and at the period when the "agricultural labourer" was a prominent figure in political sentiment and sentimental politics Mr. Macbeth very happily fell in with the popular feeling. East Anglia and life in labourers' gangs were depicted with a strength which took the world by storm, and Mr. Macbeth became A.R.A. Of late years he has chiefly shown his skill as an etcher, and his memory as a painter in oils. In like manner Mr. Abbey—who is undoubtedly a very clever artist in the same medium, and a charming illustrator of books, grave and gay—is suddenly called upon to justify in a totally new branch of art a distinction which he has received without as yet having done anything to deserve it. This is scarcely the way to strengthen our oldest water-colour society, and suggests very strange reasons in the minds of outsiders.

Messrs. Agnew's (Old Bond Street Galleries) exhibition of water-colour drawings is one of those annual treats to which all lovers of English water-colour art look forward with doubtful anticipations. Choice specimens of those masters who for the whole century have made and maintained our claims to pre-eminence are certain to be found here. This year's show is no exception to the general rule, and, in point of fact, is considerably more interesting than last year's. It may be called De Wint's and David Cox's year, for those are the masters who are seen in greatest strength and to the best advantage. The real charm of De Wint's painting lies in his appreciation of the value of atmosphere and his rendering of the glow which envelops sky and earth at certain moments of the day. The two Yorkshire sketches (148 and 157), both dealing with evening effects, are especially fine examples of this charm; while in his Welsh landscapes he shows his methods of stricter elaboration. In these, however, he meets David Cox on the latter's especial ground, and it is interesting to compare the treatment of similar subjects by the two men, repose being as much the "note" of De Wint's work as movement was that of D. Cox. The late Thomas Collier,

who in the richness of his tones often came near to David Cox, is seen here to advantage in his "Yorkshire Moors" (88) and other similar works. Lovers of old-fashioned art will be glad to see some fine specimens of Samuel Prout, and of a less-known painter, H. Edridge, A.R.A., who was sufficiently appreciated in his own day, and undeservedly forgotten in ours. Mr. Powell's "Ullswater" (69), Mr. A. Goodwin's "Hurricane Bay" (72), and Mr. W. H. Millais' "Woolmer" (78), are poetic treatments of very different scenes, and as illustrative of the more modern water-colour art, well deserve their place in this gallery of comparative painting. William Hunt, John Constable, Copley Fielding, among the ancients, and Mr. Hine, Mr. Frupp, and Mr. Wilfrid Ball among the moderns, are also well represented.

At Mr. McLean's Gallery (Haymarket) there is now to be seen a set of seven pictures by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, illustrating the story (or rather one of the stories) of "St. George and the Dragon." The pictures were painted about thirty years ago, and until last year were the property of Mr. Birket-Foster. It would be untrue to say that they do full justice to the artist's powers. They belong to the period when he was still a young man practically unknown outside the immediate Rossetti circle of which these pictures show the influence. The date at which they were painted (1865) coincides with Sir Edward Burne-Jones's return from his second visit to Italy, imbued with the teaching of Carpaccio and his contemporaries, and these pictures show that the disciple could be even servilely imitative of their ways and peculiarities, whilst displaying certain personal characteristics. In the single figure of the Princess Sabra, "The King's Daughter," Sir E. Burne-Jones has realised a charming ideal with a certain freshness of health and youth in her face, but in the succeeding scenes this disappears behind the affected pallor which seemed *de rigueur* among the school to which he had attached himself. Doubtless, the lady had passed through many trying scenes, and had had episodes and "a past," but one cannot understand why her face should be wan and her looks downcast, as hand in hand with her deliverer she returns to the city, now for ever freed from its human tribute to the dragon. The most successful of the series, after the figure of the Princess, is that where she was left by her companions in the forest glade awaiting her doom. The painting of the foliage in the evening light is worthy of the highest praise.

Some three years ago Mr. Herbert Schmalz exhibited a large picture, "The Return from Calvary," which has, apparently, attracted a great number of visitors during its journeyings through the provinces. This method of obtaining a return for one's labour seems at least remunerative, for Mr. Schmalz has now completed a companion picture, "The Resurrection Morn" (Dowdeswell's Galleries), which, like its predecessor, claims to be representative of modern religious art. Mr. Schmalz has probably many qualifications for the task he has imposed upon himself. He has visited the country in which the solemn scenes he depicts were enacted; he has had

the aid of the traveller, of the historian, and of the archaeologist. He is an adept in seizing dramatic situations and of rendering striking groups. His present picture is certainly not nearer being a specimen of religious art than was its predecessor. The scene is laid in the garden of Joseph of Arimathea, to which in the early morn of the first Easter Day the holy women had come, bringing with them their precious spices. The arrangement of all the members of this group—which Mr. Schmalz has somewhat increased in number—is skillful. The dark background of the cedar-trees is well set, and here and there discreetly lighted up by the rays falling from the angel forms which stand beside the empty sepulchre. These are the elements of a "religious" picture which painfully recall a "set-scene" in a drama, produced with careful elaboration. The absence of religious sentiment is disguised under a theatrical pose, and the spontaneity which marked the painters of the "Ages of Faith" is replaced by close adherence to the rules of stage effect and stage grouping.

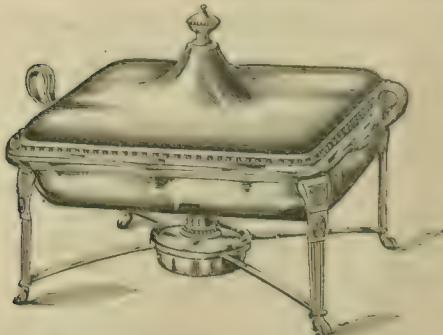
Mr. J. Lochhead, a Scottish artist of considerable local repute, has painted a picture of "The Burning of the Clavie." This is a mysterious ceremony, of which the origin is absolutely lost in the night of prehistoric tradition. Similar rites are said to be celebrated in the remote parts of Russia, and even in Brittany; but how far they coincide with those still observed at Burghead, Morayshire, cannot be determined. The ceremony has been referred to a Roman, a Scandinavian, and even to a Druidical origin, while others insist that it is a survival of the worship of Baal, which, as is well known, was practised among the Gauls down to comparatively recent times. The last night of the old year (Old Style) is the anniversary of the custom. A huge tar-barrel is carried up to the old fortifications, which are of unknown antiquity—Roman or Cyclopean. The tar-barrel is there sawn into two unequal halves, the larger half and a small herring-barrel are then broken up and placed inside the smaller half with abundance of tar, and becomes known as "The Clavie." This is now fixed upon a prop about five feet long, by means of an iron nail, driven home by a smooth stone, for no hammer is allowed to be used. When all is completed the contents of the filled Clavie are set on fire with a burning peat, nothing sulphureous being permitted to approach. Formerly the Clavie was carried round every vessel in the harbour, and a handful of grain thrown into each boat. This is now abandoned, and the burning Clavie is borne down to the town to the junction of its two principal streets, followed by cheering crowds of Burgheadians, who vie with each other in plucking burning brands from the mass, the possession of such a token being a sure safeguard against ill-luck. The Clavie is then carried to a small hill at the northern extremity of the town, where there still stands a freestone pillar, in which some have recognised an ancient altar. Fresh fuel is added, and when half-burnt out the Clavie is lifted from the socket and thrown down the western slope of the hill. The blazing embers are followed by the excited crowd and speedily gathered as charms, or scattered to the winds for luck.

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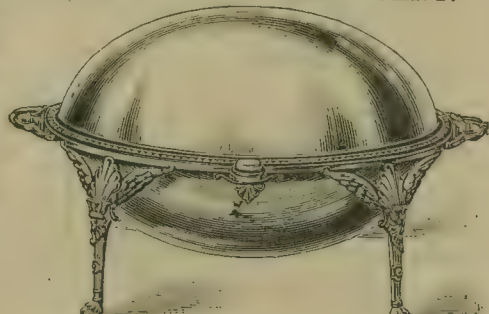
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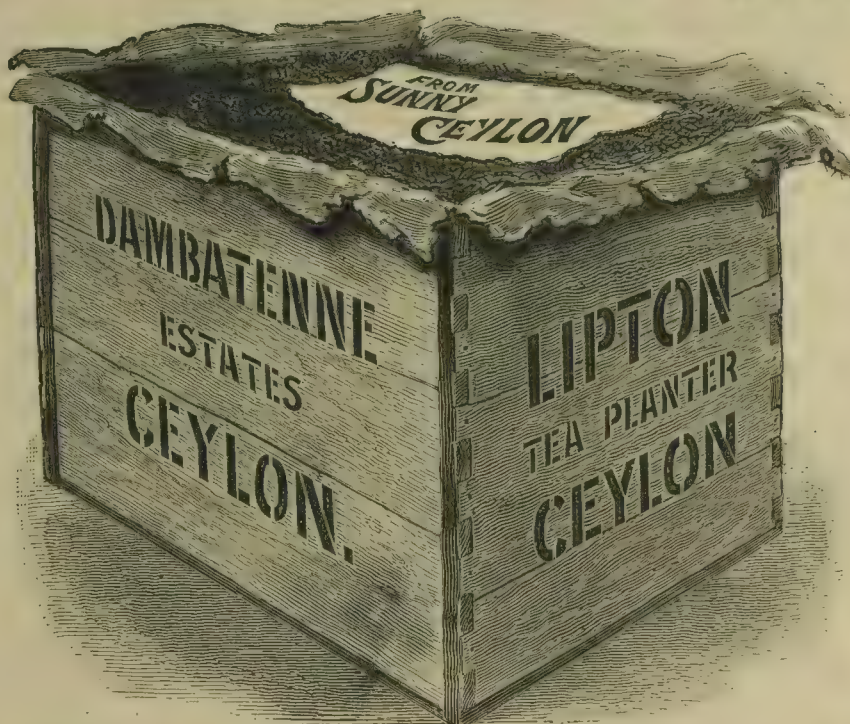
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## A MAGAZINE CAUSERIE.

It was after reading Mr. Wells's story in the *New Review* this month that I had a curious dream. I thought I had bought a Time-Machine in the Strand, where the Waterbury watch was not more plentiful, and that in due course I arrived in the fifteen-hundredth century. I had very little baggage—you cannot carry an extensive wardrobe on the Time-Machine; but I had taken with me a parcel of magazines, and I was reclining on a bank near Hampton Court, refreshing myself after the journey with the *Contemporary Review*, when I was accosted by a gracious stranger, who expressed a refined curiosity about my personal appearance. This at once gave me a favourable impression of manners in the fifteen-hundredth century, for I remembered how in my own era the traveller used to be greeted by rural strangers with half a brick.

"You have journeyed far?" said my companion affably. I had no trouble in understanding his language after a time, when I found that English pronunciation about the year 150,000 is based on the principle that words must be spoken exactly as they are spelt.

"I have come out of the nineteenth century," I replied, "and taken a header into futurity." When I pronounced the word "come" as if it were "comb" he grasped my meaning.

"Ah! that is interesting," he said in a languid way. "I fear we don't know much about your century now. The subject is too remote to excite our people. There was a man who gave a lecture on the tumuli of the Victorian age, but when he proposed to dig one of them up nobody would move a spade."

"What apathy!" I exclaimed. "Why, you might have found the illustrious bones of Mr. James Knowles!"

"Who was he?"

"Well, in my period he is not in the past tense; he is editor of a review called the *Nineteenth Century*. I have a copy here. Shall I read you a few pages?"

"Pray do," said the stranger, with an air of resignation. So I read to him a little of Mr. Robert Wallace and the Earl of Meath on the House of Lords, until I perceived that he was placidly sleeping. Then I tried Mr. Lang on ghosts. At the very sound of the word "ghost" the stranger sat up and listened intently. After the passage in which Mr. Lang suggests that it is quite natural for intelligent and educated persons not to see supernatural phenomena which are visible to illiteracy, my auditor became quite excited.

"Do you mean to tell me," he said, "that in your century ghosts are unknown to the general public?"

"Certainly. They are confined in asylums called haunted houses, and even there they are rarely visible except to the cook. The Psychological Research Society is always lying in wait for them, but without much success."

The stranger groaned.

"I never knew," he murmured, "that your century enjoyed so much happiness. Why, the land is full of ghosts now. It is part of our elementary education to summon spirits from the vasty deep, and the worst of it is that they come with painful alacrity. If you even think

of a particular ghost he promptly stands before you. Ghosts sit at my table every day without my leave. A disembodied footman stands behind my chair, and quarrels with the servant whose duty it is to be there. I often have scalding hot sauce upset down my neck in consequence of the altercation. And to think that in your century you know so little of ghosts as positively to hunt for them and to envy those who see them! Why, here it is a great national question whether ghosts ought not to be employed in useful occupations instead of fooling around as mischievous vagrants."

"Well," I said, "what is thought of Mr. Froude now? Here is an article in the *Quarterly* questioning the accuracy of his 'Erasmus.'"

"Froude! Erasmus!" echoed the other vaguely. "Never heard of them."

"Don't you read the scholars and historians of bygone ages?"

"History with us is regarded as so futile that we never read it, and have long since ceased to write it. Indeed, the taste for reading is so slight that we have very few books of any kind."

"But what about the British Museum and Mudie?" He shook his head: the names evidently had no meaning for him. I gasped at this. Fancy a century without Mudie!

"Then how do you occupy your leisure? Here is Professor Allbut, who says in the *Contemporary* that activity of mind is the great safeguard against nervous depression. How do you employ your mind? Are you never bored?"

"Bored!" he repeated. "The word is quite strange to me. We have no nerves, and we do not employ our minds, because we have none."

"No minds! You must be joking."

"Not at all," he said with a sweet smile. "We are perfect idiots. There is nothing to do. The climate is perpetual summer. We live on rice-pudding, and sleep twenty hours out of the twenty-four." Here he yawned, and added, "It is nearly time to retire to rest now," although it was barely sundown.

"Can't I keep you awake by reading George Saintsbury in the *Fortnightly* on Hall Caine? He has discovered that Hall Caine is not one of the greatest novelists of the age."

He shook his head drowsily.

"Really," I said, "I cannot go back to my century and tell everybody that posterity is a perfect fool. We think such a lot of posterity. We are always sacrificing ourselves for generations yet unborn. Mr. Benjamin Kidd has assured us again in Mr. Knowles's review that religion helps us to mortify ourselves for the good of the race. Now, if I tell my contemporaries that it is all no good, because the race arrives at perfect idiocy in the fifteen-hundredth century, there will be an awful derangement of science and morals. Surely you are doing yourself an injustice. Listen to Marcel Schwob, in the *New Review*, on Stevenson. It is in French." I had read half a page in my best Parisian accent when I heard a gentle snore.

"Wako up," I cried, shaking him violently. "Here's

a capital story of George Gissing's in the *National* about a man who could never see a woman without proposing to her."

"What?" he said, starting up. "Asking her to marry him?"

"Yes."

"Why, here the women marry us without our leave. What a strange century is yours! No ghosts, no subjection to women!" He gazed at me with visible envy, which grew into something very like malice, as if he were thinking that I had no right to enjoy such blessings. Suddenly he seized a large stone and threw it at the Time-Machine. I grasped his purpose. He wanted to keep me in his miserable idiotic year 150,000. There was no help for it. I took him by the throat and strangled him.

Since I returned I have been wondering what the police would say if I gave myself up for murder.—L. F. AUSTIN.

One very touching incident is reported in connection with the loss of the *Elbe*. A newly married couple were seen standing calmly on the deck while the boats were starting from the *Elbe*, the young wife steadfastly refusing to leave her husband's side.

On the same day, Feb. 8, two cases were being considered in the law-courts in which well-known public entertainers figured. Before the Lord Chief Justice of England and a special jury the action of George Washington Moore, of minstrel fame, against "Jerome K. Jerome and another" was concluded in the plaintiff's favour, with one farthing damages. Lord Russell's summing up was marked by great dialectical ability, and he presented the case with a completeness which owed little to his notes, to which he rarely referred. A large majority of those in court seemed to have journeyed from St. James's Hall, judging from their faces, which usually beam with burnt cork from behind the footlights. In the Court of Appeal, the Palace Theatre of Varieties appealed against the verdict gained by Mr. Charles Coborn with respect to his dismissal for addressing the audience after interruption. The judge announced that the parties had arrived at an agreement.

This is a time of commemoration. We seek out obscure tombs of great men and make them prominent; we place tablets on their birthplaces and issue reprints of their works. It has come to the turn of the poet Somerville to have the first-named honour paid to him; the Vicar of Wootton Waven, near Birmingham, seeks to raise a more fitting memorial to him "than the slab of blue stone which marks the site of his tomb." This appeal on behalf of one who sang so enthusiastically of "The Chase" has drawn from the Earl of Rosebery the promise of £2, and doubtless his example will be followed by other sportsmen, although many of them may be pardoned for knowing little of Somerville (who died one hundred and fifty years ago) and his poems. Perhaps one of the most familiar quotations from Somerville is "True happiness (if understood), consists alone in doing good." By-the-way, the poet's name is spelt Somerville in the Rev. F. T. Bramston's letter asking for subscriptions, while it is usual to spell it Somervile.

## INVALUABLE INFORMATION.

HOMOCEA may be considered one of the most important discoveries of the nineteenth century. It is absolutely indispensable in every household, and a day seldom passes when the Homoccea tin has not to be brought out. You cannot afford to be without it. Homoccea is an invaluable cure for Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Chilblains, Toothache, Earache, Eczema, Sores, Cuts, Bruises, Wounds, Inflammation, Stiffness, Sprains, and Strains.

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"LADY KEANE has much pleasure in recommending Homoccea as an invaluable remedy for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Toothache, Cuts, Bruises, Sprains, etc." She thinks so highly of it that she would not be without it in the house. It has entirely cured her of Rheumatism in the arms and neck, and other ailments."

## CHILBLAINS.

"9, Arundel Street, Strand, London, W.C.

"Dear Sir,—It may interest you to know that I was persuaded to use Homoccea for Chilblains, to which I am a martyr, and that after two applications the chilblains disappeared, though this severe weather is still with us as I write.—Yours truly,  
"Homoccea Co. "ETHEL COMYNS."

"138, Westgate, Bradford.

"As a pharmacist of fifty years' standing, allow me to state that I consider your Homoccea the finest preparation for the purposes you recommend it for extant. I have passed forty years of my life in the service of four of the largest infirmaries of England as compounder of medicine, and no prescription I have hitherto dispensed has been so quick in its action on the complaint for which it was prescribed. "T. G. FORSHAW, M.P.S."

"Ackworth Moor Top, Pontefract.

"The HON. MRS. THOMPSON desires to testify to the great value of Homoccea as a cure for Neuralgia, having received great benefit from using it. Mrs. Thompson, therefore, has great pleasure in strongly recommending it, and in allowing her testimony to be publicly used."

Homoccea is sold by all Chemists at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box, direct or from the Wholesale Agency, 21, Hamilton Square, Birkenhead, at 1s. 3d. and 3s. HOOPER, Chemist, 43, King William Street, London Bridge, sells it.

**HOMOCEA**  
Touches the SPOT

**Pain & Torture**  
ARE PRODUCED BY  
**Chilblains.**  
**HOMOCEA**  
Touches  
the Spot,  
THEREFORE  
**Pain & Torture**  
**DISAPPEAR.**

Homoccea can be obtained of all Chemists,  
at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box.

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Touches the SPOT

## TELLING TESTIMONY.

The great African Explorer, HENRY M. STANLEY, writes: "Homoccea was found to be the most soothing and efficacious unguent that I could possibly have for my fractured limb. . . . It is as soft as oil, and instantly mollifying in the case of severe inflammation."

## RHEUMATISM, &amp;c.

LORD COMBERMERE writes: "I have tried your Homoccea upon myself for Rheumatism, and I found it did more good to me than any embrocation I have ever used, and several of my friends have benefited by its use."

"St. Catherine's Park, Leixlip.

"Mrs. Irwin begs to inform the Homoccea Company that she used the Homoccea for Rheumatism, and found it of great benefit. Mrs. Irwin has recommended it to some of her friends."

"Newcastle and Gateshead Brigade

"and Home.

"Dear Sirs,—Homoccea is everything that can be desired to have in a home such as ours. I may tell you that I am more than pleased with it. We have had several cases of torn feet through nails, &c., and in every case Homoccea has worked wonders for sore blows and bruises, boils, cuts. It soon makes all healthy again. I do not intend to be without it in our Brigade-Home.—Yours faithfully,  
"C. E. TOMLINSON.

JOHN HILTON, Long Cliffe, writes: "I have been a great sufferer from Hemorrhoids for some years, and have tried a great many remedies, which have cost me a great deal of money. I have also been in Leeds Infirmary, where I was advised to undergo an operation. I got into a very depressed state of mind, and began to think there was no cure for me. Reading Lord Carrick's statement in the papers, however, caused me to give Homoccea a trial, and it has done so much good for me that I shall never cease to sing its praises to all sufferers."

"Northmarsh Vicarage, Bucks.

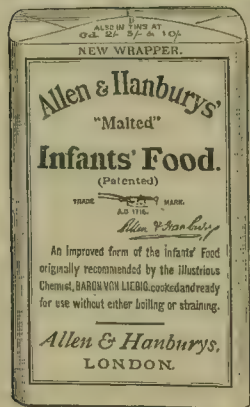
S. B. JAMES, D.D., writes: "Sir,—Your Homoccea cured an inflamed foot of mine, which caused me great pain."



**"NO BETTER FOOD EXISTS."**—London Medical Record.

This Food, which contains the active and nutritive constituents of pure Malt in a soluble form, should be tried wherever other nourishment has not proved entirely satisfactory.

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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will and codicil (both dated June 19, 1880) of the Hon. Edward Kenyon, J.P., D.L., of Maesfen, in the parish of Malpas, Cheshire, who died on Oct. 21, were proved at the Chester District Registry on Jan. 31 by the Hon. George Thomas Kenyon, the nephew, and Robert Lloyd Kenyon, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £161,163. The testator bequeaths £200 each to his executors; an immediate legacy of £300 to his wife, the Hon. Catharine Elizabeth Kenyon; all his plate, linen, china, books, pictures, furniture, horses, carriages, farming stock and effects to his wife; all his bonds and securities of the Dutch Government to the trustees of the marriage settlement of his daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Emma Jane Ann Parker; and he appoints to his said daughter the trust funds under the settlement made on his marriage with his first wife. He appoints, on the death of his wife and failure of issue by her, that in the event of his said daughter joining the communion of the Church of Rome, her life interest shall cease in the real estate in the parish of Malpas settled on his second marriage, and in his other real estate in the said parish which he devises upon similar trusts. All his messuages, lands, tenements, and hereditaments in the parish of Wigan he devises to his son, John George. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves upon trust for his wife for life, and then for all his children by her.

The will (dated Nov. 11, 1874) of Mr. Robert Wylie, D.L., J.P., of Beverley, Yorkshire, who died on Dec. 23, has been proved at the York District Registry by the Rev. William John Wylie, the son, and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £27,332. Subject to some legacies to servants, the testator gives all his real and personal estate to his said son.

The will (dated March 9, 1892) of Mr. Thomas Evans, J.P., of 63, Grange Mount, Birkenhead, who died on Dec. 14, was proved at the Chester District Registry on Jan. 22 by Robert Evans, the son, and George Penk, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £27,297. The testator gives one-eighth of his real and personal estate to the widow of his late son Paul, and seven-eighths equally between his seven other children. The shares of daughters are to be held upon trust for them.

The will (dated Nov. 17, 1894) of Mr. Charles Frederick Wassell, of 5, Upper Montague Street, Bloomsbury, who died on Dec. 12, was proved on Jan. 28 by Percy Willats Leggatt, Charles Stuart Robertson, and Robert Carter, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to

£26,007. The testator bequeaths household furniture and effects to the value of £200, and £350 per annum for life, to his wife, Mrs. Susanna Wassell; certain securities of the value of £2500 to his son Aubrey; and £150 per annum each to his daughters Mary Blanche Wellborne and Ada Ellen Robertson during the life of his wife. On the death of his wife securities are to be set aside to provide an annuity of £150 (to be increased to £200 on the death of his sister) for his daughter Mary Blanche Wellborne, and the residue of his property he gives to his daughter Ada Ellen Robertson.

The will (dated Jan. 22, 1894) of Mr. Robert Harding, of The Mount, Malton, Yorkshire, who died on Nov. 20, was proved at the York District Registry on Jan. 10 by Mrs. Emma Jane Harding, the widow, William Walker, and Joshua Watkinson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £17,539. The testator bequeaths £500 and his wines and consumable household stores to his wife; £5000, upon trust, for each of his children; £50 each to his executors, Mr. Walker and Mr. Watkinson; and legacies to servants. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his children in equal shares.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of the county of Edinburgh, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated April 12, 1894) of Sir Adam Gib Ellis, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Judicature, Jamaica, who died at Kingston, Jamaica, on Aug. 16, granted to Robert Ellis, the brother, James Dykes Campbell, Surgeon-Major Alexander William Duke, M.D., and John Patrick Wright, the accepting executors nominate, was resealed in London on Feb. 4, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to £14,673.

The will and four codicils of Mrs. Margaret Matilda Pitcairn, of Englefield Lodge, Englefield Green, Surrey, who died on Oct. 17, were proved on Jan. 25 by James Colquhoun Colvin, the nephew, and Colvin Brandreth, the great-nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £8598.

The will and codicil of Major William Freeme Wyndowe, of 40, Broadwater Down, Tunbridge Wells, who died on Jan. 9 at Hove, were proved on Feb. 5 by Samuel Jardine Wyndowe, M.D., the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £9703.

The will and three codicils of Mrs. Georgina Townshend-Wilson, widow of the late Colonel Townshend-Wilson, of the Coldstream Guards, of 26, Bryanston Square, who died on Dec. 26, were proved on Feb. 4 by the Hon. Mrs. Isabel

Anne Capell and the Misses Caroline Mary Campbell, Georgina Hannah, and Harriet Sophie Townshend-Wilson, the daughters, the executrices, the value of the personal estate amounting to £4474.

The will of Mr. John Richard Ravenhill, of Delaford, Iwer, Bucks, who died on Dec. 28, was proved on Jan. 31 by Mrs. Fanny Ravenhill, the widow, and Francis Richard Ravenhill, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £2499.

The new Master of the Craven Foxhounds, in succession to Mr. Portal, of Edington, is Mr. W. H. Dunn, of Wallingtons, Kentbury. It may be remembered that Mr. Dunn was formerly associated with Colonel Willes in hunting the county.

An unknown donor has given to the town of Kettering a new church large enough to seat six hundred, the site upon which it is erected, and all the necessary ornaments and furniture. At the dedication the Bishop, clergy, and choir marched in procession to the church. The Bishop was vested in a purple cassock, white stole, cope, and mitre, and wore a pectoral cross, episcopal gloves and ring, and used his crosier; while also two acolytes in scarlet cassocks were in attendance.

Many a brain-worker in the metropolis will be glad to hear that the question of street noises is being brought before the notice of candidates for the London County Council. The nuisance of organ-grinding, hawkers' cries, and steam-whistles is one that ought to be suppressed just as much, or more, in London as in provincial towns and Scottish burghs. A famous physician has given it as his opinion that the man who could lessen the noise which afflicts London would be one of its best benefactors. The circular which is submitted to L.C.C. candidates has the influential signatures of Mr. A. Jacoby, M.P., who unsuccessfully introduced into Parliament a Bill on the subject, Professor C. Villiers Stanford, Mr. Lennox Browne, and others. When one recalls the misery caused to Anthony Trollope and John Leech by street noises years ago, one can easily imagine the affliction to writers and artists in the present day when those noises are multiplied tenfold. The London County Council has itself removed the objection which used to be urged on behalf of poor children who enjoyed street music, by the excellent provision of bands in the parks. In no other city in Europe, as was proved by the Blue Book issued on the question, are noises permitted to the extent which characterises London streets.

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Mariani Wine for H I M  
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Any size up to 52 in. long.  
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Best make, thoroughly  
Waterproof, and adapted  
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Book of Patterns of all  
kinds of Tweeds, Cash-  
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Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL  
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Is NOT a dye, and therefore does not stain the skin,  
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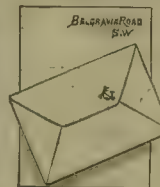
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Chicken, Rabbit, Mutton, Prawns, Lobster, Sauce, Powder, Paste, Chutnee, Etc. Etc.

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 Pullman Drawing-Room Cars between London and Brighton.  
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The beach is covered with the softest sand; the Hotels are grand and numerous, with warm sea-baths; and there are comfortable villas and apartments replete with every comfort, as in some of our own places of summer resort in England.

Monte Carlo has other recreations and pastimes; it affords lawn-tennis, pigeon-shooting, fencing, and various sports, exercises, and amusements; besides the enjoyment of sunshine and pure air in the marvellously fine climate, where epidemic diseases are unknown.

Visitors coming to Monte Carlo, if it be only for one day or a few hours, find themselves in a place of enchanting beauty and manifold delight. Breakfasting or dining at one of the renowned establishments here, and meeting persons of their acquaintance, they find all the gaiety of Parisian life, while scenes of fairyland, at every turn and every glance, are presented to the eye, and winter there does not exist.

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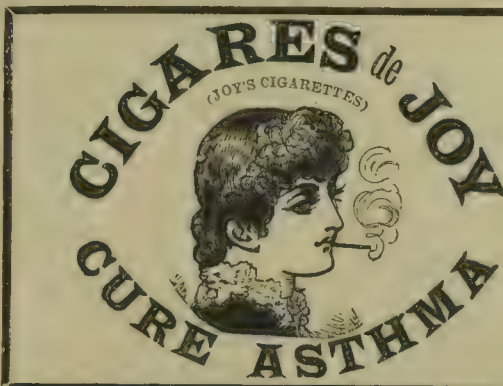
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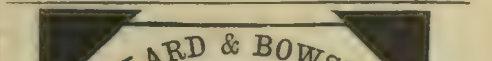
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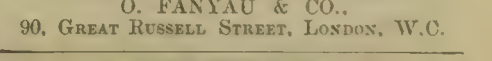
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## MISCELLANEOUS.

The Duke of Portland has made an explanation of his recent speech about gambling. He was reported to have said that it was not betting on the turf he condemned, but betting at home—that is to say, betting on the odds in the newspapers by people who never saw the horses. Why it should be right to gamble on the racecourse and wrong to gamble at the club on the faith of sporting prophecies is just the point which the Duke of Portland has not explained. The distinction, at all events, seems too delicate. The Duke would have us believe that it is natural and fitting for a man to put his money on a horse when he sees that noble animal, but quite illegitimate when he merely knows its name in the newspaper. This discrimination is a trifle academic. And how many people who actually see the horses are any the wiser?

An archaeological discovery has been made recently at Oban which will add yet another attraction to that favourite resort in the Highlands. A bone cave was found during some blasting operations near St. Columba parish church. The first investigation seems to prove that the troglodytes who used the cave as their home existed long before the Christian era. After it had been a dwelling-place it became a sepulchre. The cave contains many curious bones and shells.

The last descendant of Smollett, the novelist and historian, has died in the person of Mr. Patrick B. Smollett, of Bonhill. Mr. Smollett, who was in his ninety-second year, was the great-grandnephew of the author of "Humpty Clunker." He had represented Dumbarton-

shire and Cambridge in Parliament, but there is no record that he possessed any of his distinguished ancestor's humour.

Herr von Manteuffel has had a disagreeable experience in the Reichstag. He left an important letter in a coat while he visited the lavatory, and in his absence the letter was purloined. Soon afterwards it appeared in one of the German papers. If we can imagine a letter being abstracted from Mr. Chamberlain's coat at Westminster and published in the *Daily News*, we can get some parallel to this extraordinary incident. Happily, such a parallel is impossible.

The experience which has recently befallen Madame Belle Cole's concert party recalls what happened years ago to Madame Trebelli's party under similar circumstances in the West of England. Madame Belle Cole and her friends were snowed up en route between Edinburgh and Inverness; the train had twice to be dug out, and the travellers were for fourteen hours without food or fire until they reached Strathspey. One sincerely trusts that they will have good audiences after all these hardships.

The gales in the Rocky Mountains have recalled the memory of the mighty blizzard of 1888. At Sandy Hook the wind blew at the rate of seventy miles an hour, but less snow has fallen than was expected by the Weather Bureau. The streets, however, of New York have been covered with snow six inches in depth, and many trains have been detained for hours. The service of cars has been interrupted, and few people are to be seen in the streets, according to latest reports.

## OBITUARY.

Mr. Henry Ray Freshfield, a member of the eminent firm of solicitors to the Bank of England, died on Feb. 8, aged nearly eighty-one. He was the son of a former member of Parliament for Penryn and Falmouth, and for many years had to do with the various important cases in which the Bank was interested. His only son is Mr. Douglas Freshfield, well known in connection with Alpine climbing.

M. Jean Portaels, Director of the Brussels Academy of Fine Arts since 1877, died recently, aged seventy-six.

Mr. E. H. d'Avigdor, a former editor and proprietor of the *Examiner*, died on Feb. 9.

Mr. Reginald Stuart Poole, who was connected with the British Museum for forty years, latterly Keeper of Coins, died on Feb. 8, aged sixty-two.

Dr. Cretin, a famous French homœopathist, died recently, aged seventy-four.

The Rev. Joseph Stevenson, S.J., the author of a large number of historical works which exhibited great industry and scholarly ability, died on Feb. 8, aged eighty-eight.

Mr. William Gray, who represented Bolton in the Conservative interest from 1857 to 1874, died on Feb. 6, aged eighty-one.

Colonel Gerald Noel Monery, C.B., of her Majesty's Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, died on Feb. 11.

Baron von Thümmel, Saxon Minister of Finance, died on Feb. 12.

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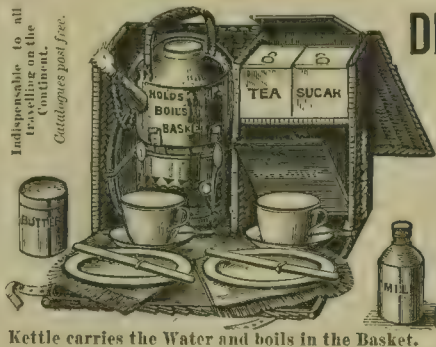
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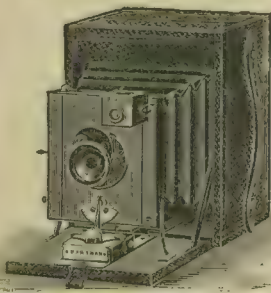
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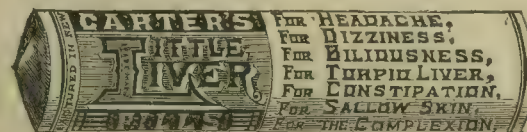
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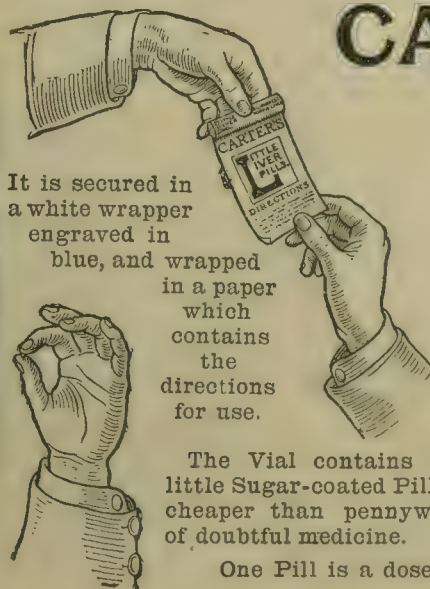
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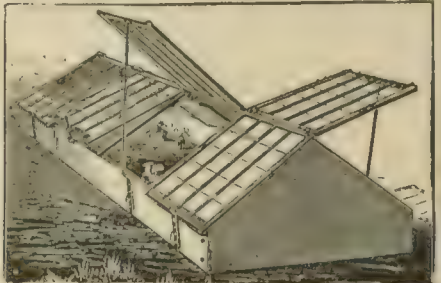


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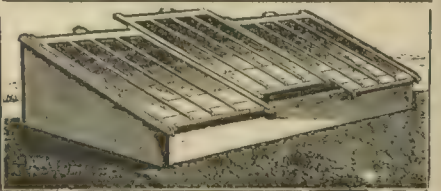


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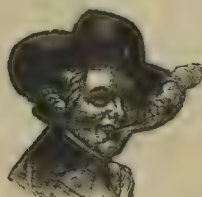
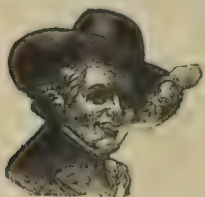
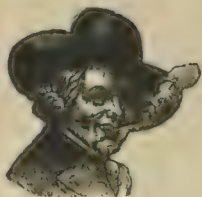


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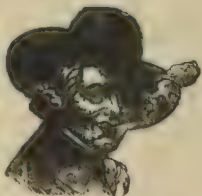
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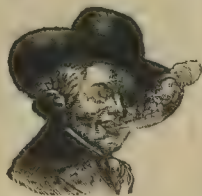
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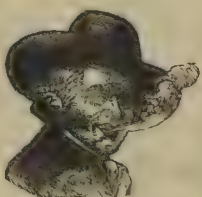
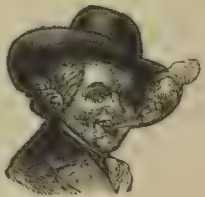
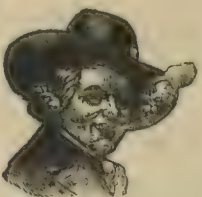


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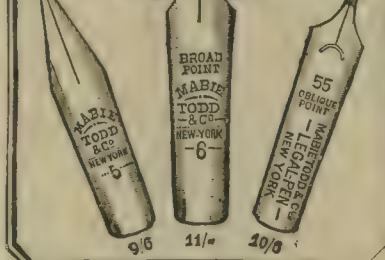


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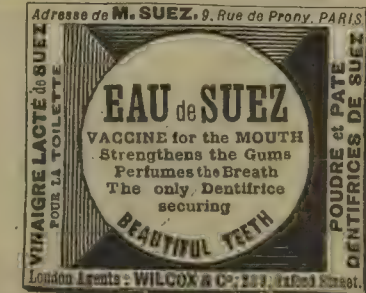


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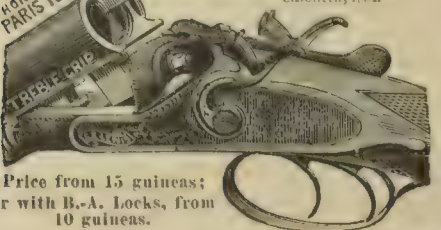
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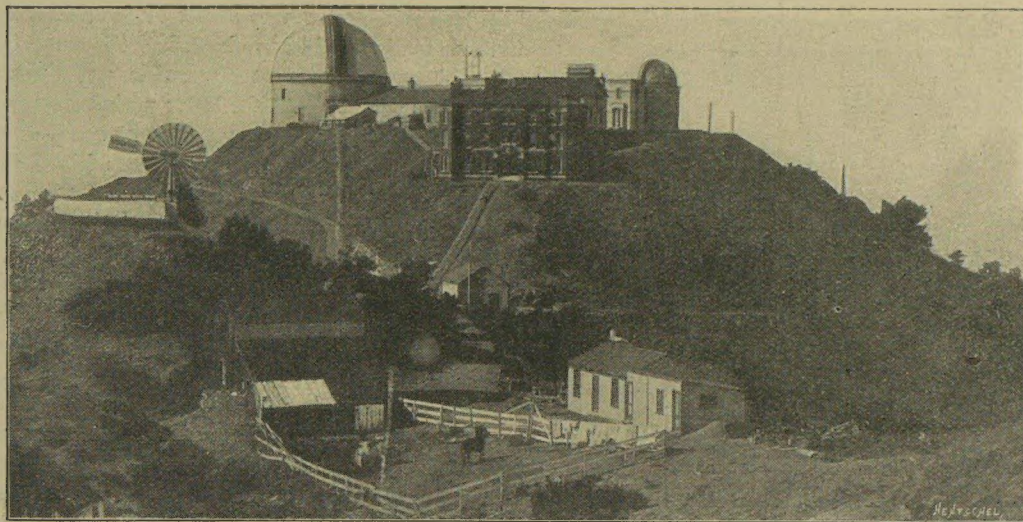
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will never fade from my memory; and  
a friend of mine who passed through  
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# OUR NEAR NEIGHBOUR: MARS.

By J. NORMAN LOCKYER, C.B., F.R.S., AND WILLIAM J. S. LOCKYER.



THE LICK OBSERVATORY, MOUNT HAMILTON, CALIFORNIA.

*"What involution! What extent! What swarms of Worlds, that laugh at Earth! Immensely great! immensely distant from each other's spheres!"*

It will be generally conceded that the advances made in most branches of science during the last half-century have been on a scale which has never been surpassed, and which in the future will be difficult to equal. Astronomy has been second to none in this respect, and favours have been showered on her from time to time, with the result that new horizons have been opened out, and new fields brought under cultivation, the vastness of which cannot even be estimated, and the enormous richness of which is only now beginning to be fully appreciated. Not only has our knowledge of the theoretical side been extended, but the construction and use of large instruments has been considerably developed.

Our records tell us that at very early times the knowledge of astronomy was limited, to a great extent, to the priests. In later times, when its study had been turned to practical uses for navigational and other purposes, it was looked upon as a separate science, and was taken up by the few who, so to speak, made it their profession. At the present day this state of affairs, although not changed, has been considerably extended, and this, notably, within the past few years. Formerly, the number of observatories on our planet could be counted nearly on the fingers of the hands; now their name may be truly said to be "legion." This to some extent has been brought about by the Governments of the various countries; but it is chiefly the increasing public interest taken in astronomical questions which has brought forward the magnificent gifts with which this science has been enriched.

In few cases has this interest been carried to such an extent as is shown to-day in questions relating to our near neighbour, the planet Mars. Not only is the attention of nearly all possessors of telescopes turned to the scanning of his disc at favourable opportunities, but the subject generally is of such absorbing interest that some, dissatisfied with their "seeing conditions" at home, have packed up their traps and instruments and travelled to distant regions, there to remain, so that more perfect observations can be secured.

Before proceeding to refer more particularly to the observations themselves, a few words may be said with regard to the advantages a modern astronomer has over his predecessors. The construction of telescopes has now arrived at such a stage that everything can be supplied to the instrument that can in any way simplify and minimise the observer's labour. Not even during an observation has he to move from his chair, but this is so made that he can bring himself into any position at will. In the case of the Lick refractor the whole floor can be elevated or depressed by hydraulics, thus entirely eliminating the use of anything more than an ordinary chair. The various manipulations which the telescope usually requires can also be performed by the observer without moving his seat. Fig. 1 shows the eye-end of the great Lick refractor at Mount Hamilton. It will be seen that within arm's reach the observer can control the movements of the whole instrument by the turning of one or more of the numerous handles, which lead up the great tube. To do this even in daylight seems at first a sufficiently difficult task, but it must be remembered that during the

time of observation the observer must be in darkness, or at least in very diffused light.

To illustrate the enormous "seeing power" of our greatest modern refractor, the accompanying drawings (Fig. 2) of a small region on the Martian surface are given side by side. They were made independently on different nights by two observers, Campbell and Hussey, with the large Lick instrument, and they represent the surface-markings known as "The Lake of the Sun." The great likeness between them is sufficient to illustrate the

definite nature and the accuracy with which they have been recorded. The drawings show also the "channels" in the neighbouring region.

As a matter of historical interest, the next Illustration (Fig. 3) includes several drawings which are facsimiles of those made by the brilliant Italian astronomer, Cassini, in 1666. It will be noticed that even although Cassini's instrumental equipment was fairly primitive, he was yet able to discern a considerable amount of detail. On the left-hand side (including that marked II) the drawings show one

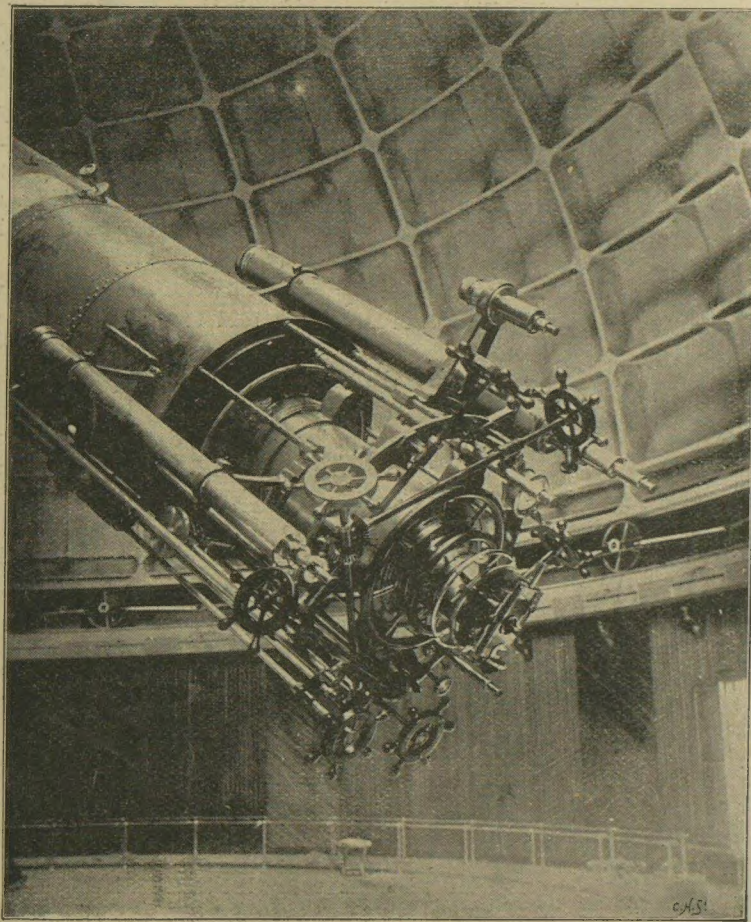


FIG. 1: THE EYE-END OF THE GREAT LICK REFRACTOR.

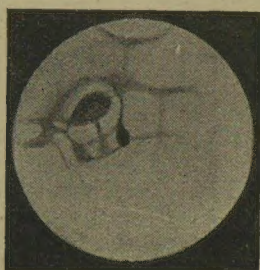
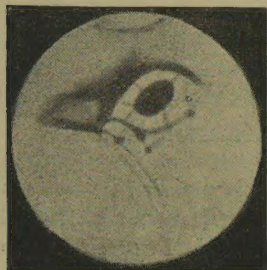


FIG. 2: DRAWING OF "THE LAKE OF THE SUN," MADE WITH THE 36-INCH REFRACTOR, MOUNT HAMILTON.

with the large Lick instrument, and they represent the surface-markings known as "The Lake of the Sun." The great likeness between them is sufficient to illustrate the

hemisphere of Mars, while those to the right (including G) indicate the markings on the opposite side. From these drawings the surface-features showed a decided apparent rotation of the planet about its axis.

Coming now to the planet Mars itself, which becomes more favourably situated for observation at some periods than at others, it receives, without doubt, the most particular attention. The reasons for this are twofold: to state them briefly—first, the position of his orbit with regard to that of the Earth, accounting for his nearness of approach at certain periods of time; and, secondly, the interesting markings on his disc, indicating what appear to us to be land and water, and therefore possibilities of human habitation.

Mars is the first superior planet reckoned from the Sun—that is, he is the planet which revolves round the Sun in an orbit the next larger than that of our Earth. To understand more clearly the relation of his orbit to that of the Earth, let us consider them both as circular and regard them in the first instance as concentric. Suppose



these concentric circles be represented by two circular wires with a large bead threaded on each, we have then a simple means of following the different stages of the visibility of Mars, by observing the various positions that the beads themselves can be made to assume. A bright light, representing the Sun, being supposed in the centre of the two rings, both beads—or as they may be called, planets—will, of course, be illuminated on that hemisphere nearest to it.

If now we place these beads on the same side of the light (representing the Sun), and in such a way that when viewed from the Sun one lies behind the other, and also allow the exterior bead, which represents Mars, to move slowly round on

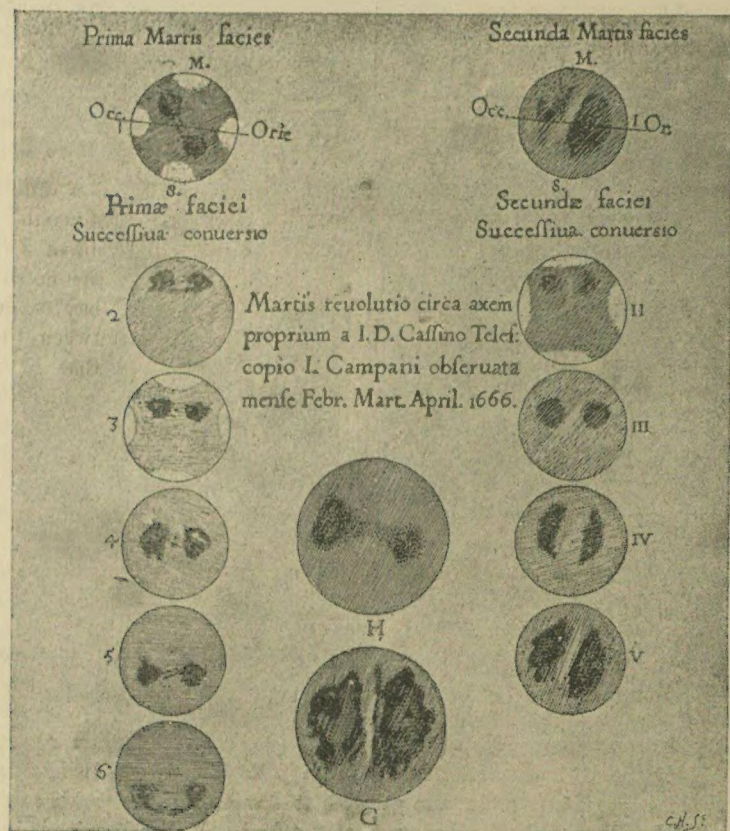


FIG. 3: CHARACTERISTIC CONFIGURATION OF THE TWO HEMISPHERES OF MARS.  
AFTER THE DRAWINGS OF CASSINI IN FEBRUARY, MARCH, AND APRIL, 1666.

The left-hand column, with H, represents one hemisphere: that on the right, with G, the opposite hemisphere.

its wire track (the planet's orbit), then the observer on the other bead will note all the phases which the planet Mars can exhibit.

Considering, for the sake of simplicity, the bead Earth at rest, and only that representing Mars in motion, the latter will appear, to observers on the Earth who have their backs turned towards the Sun at midnight, as a full illuminated round disc. As the planet progresses in his orbit he will commence to exhibit a slight gibbous form, the gibbosity increasing at first, and then decreasing as the point on the opposite side of the Sun is reached. (A planet is said to appear gibbous when we see more than half of the surface lighted up by the Sun and less than the whole illuminated portion. In the case of the Moon, she is said to show a gibbous phase just before and after full Moon.)

In this position of his orbit Mars would, if he could be seen, appear as a perfect disc, but this time only to observers facing the Sun at midday: here, his furthest distance from the Earth, he is said to be in conjunction, the Sun lying between the Earth and Mars. As conjunction is passed, the gibbous form is again assumed, increasing at first and then diminishing as the two planets again approach their shortest distance from one another. The planet, to those observers on the Earth having their backs to the Sun at midnight, appears again as a full illuminated disc, and this position is termed "opposition," both the Earth and Mars if viewed from the Sun being close together.

It may be noticed that by the use of our wire rings the maximum and minimum distances, or the distances of the Earth and Mars from one another at the times of conjunction and opposition, would always be the same, which ought not to be the case if we wish to represent the actual conditions. To be in strict accord with the facts we must alter slightly the position of our wire orbits, by retaining the position of our artificial Sun, and moving the larger ring a little more than the first and both away from the centre. The circles are now no longer concentric, nor is the Sun central with regard to them. A further refinement in our solid orbits would be, besides the substitution of ellipses for the circles, the tilting of one ring with respect to the other. We may, however, omit the latter alteration in what we are about to remark. Fig. 4 shows the exact relations of the orbits to one another. The Sun is represented in the foci of the ellipses, and the short lines joining the two orbits, and dated consecutively, illustrate the relation between the positions of the Earth and Mars at this period of opposition.

We are now in a position to study more closely the variation in the distances of these two worlds from one another, at periods of opposition and conjunction. With our wire orbits so changed, we can now easily see from the figure that in only one direction from the Sun are the orbits closest together, just as there is only one direction in which they are furthest apart. If the times of revolution, or, in other words, the years of both worlds, were the same, and there were no changes in the positions of the orbits themselves, then once a year regularly we should have an opposition, and this under always the same conditions.

But these times of revolution are not equal, but in the relation of nearly two to one, that of the Earth being approximately 365 days, and that of Mars 687 days, nor are the orbits ever free from slow movements relatively to one another; so that we are confronted with a state of things similar to those observed in a

kaleidoscope—a change of conditions at every look, and never two consecutive ones alike.

To turn our attention now to the planet at the present time, let us for a minute consider his size in relation to other heavenly bodies we are familiar with, and also the favourable nature for observation of the recent opposition, which occurred on Oct. 20 last. An idea of his real magnitude can be best obtained by a glance at Fig. 5, which gives on one scale his diameter with those of the Earth, Mercury, and the Moon. From this it will be seen that although smaller than the Earth, he is very much larger than our own satellite, the Moon, and exceeds in size the first inferior planet, Mercury.

The nearest possible approach of the planet to us is estimated in miles to be 35 millions, or he is about 150 times more removed from us than the Moon. On Oct. 20 his distance was about 40,500,000 miles, or 4,500,000 miles further from us than he really would have been had the conditions been most favourable.

The two most recent favourable oppositions occurred in 1877, on Sept. 5, and in 1892, on Aug. 13. At the latter period the planet's distance was roughly 35 millions of miles, or it very nearly attained its smallest value.

Owing to these varying distances his disc looks larger at some times than at others. The magnitude of the apparent disc at this time reached its greatest value, which, in astronomical language, amounted to no less than 14.7 seconds of arc. This year the value has fallen a little lower than this, reaching 12.8 seconds of arc, making the recent opposition altogether one very favourable for observation. Fig. 6 represents the relative sizes of the disc at periods of extreme and mean distances. At the greatest distance Mars, of course, is invisible, being on the other side of the Sun, and therefore either hidden by him or lost to us in his dazzling rays.

As the Earth has seasons which are familiar to all of us, let us inquire into the seasonal changes that we should expect to be current on Mars at this period of his journey round the Sun. Seasonal changes depend, as is well known, on the inclination of the axis of the planet to the plane of its path round the primary, an instance of such a plane being represented by a piece of paper laid flat on one of our wire orbits. Now, the inclination of Mars' axis to that of his plane of revolution is only a little over a degree more than that of our Earth. On this ground, there should be only a small difference between the seasons, those on Mars being, if anything, more pronounced than those to which we are accustomed. There is, however, yet another factor to be reckoned with when considering this question, and that is the eccentricity of the orbit in which the planet moves, or, in other words, the amount of ellipticity of the curve forming the planet's course round the Sun.

In the case of Mars this is by no means small, as can be seen by a glance at Fig. 4. An idea of its quantity may be gathered from the fact that if the path were a circle the greatest and least distances from the Sun (which in this case would be equal) would amount each to nearly 142 million miles, while in reality the numbers that express these distances are 155 and 128 millions of miles respectively, giving a difference due to ellipticity of nearly 26 million miles.

In consequence of this large ellipticity, the relative lengths of the seasons as compared with our own are considerably altered, and this fact is one which has to be thoroughly taken into account when attempting to explain any of the phenomena connected with the surface-markings.

It so happens that the point of nearest approach between the orbits of the two planets lies opposite that part of the Earth's orbit which she reached on Aug. 25 (see Fig. 4), and the furthest similarly opposite Feb. 20, so that the most favourable oppositions of Mars always take place in late summer or early autumn, while those least favourable occur in spring. The Martian summer solstice, or that time during the year, as with us, when the Sun appears highest in the heavens, occurs only twenty-three degrees distant from the perihelion point; thus, at the most favourable oppositions, Mars displays for the main part his southern hemisphere.

In the recent opposition Mars was not very far from his perihelion point, or that point in his orbit most near to the Sun, so that at that period he should have been undergoing a short and hot summer season after a long and wintry one. Such being

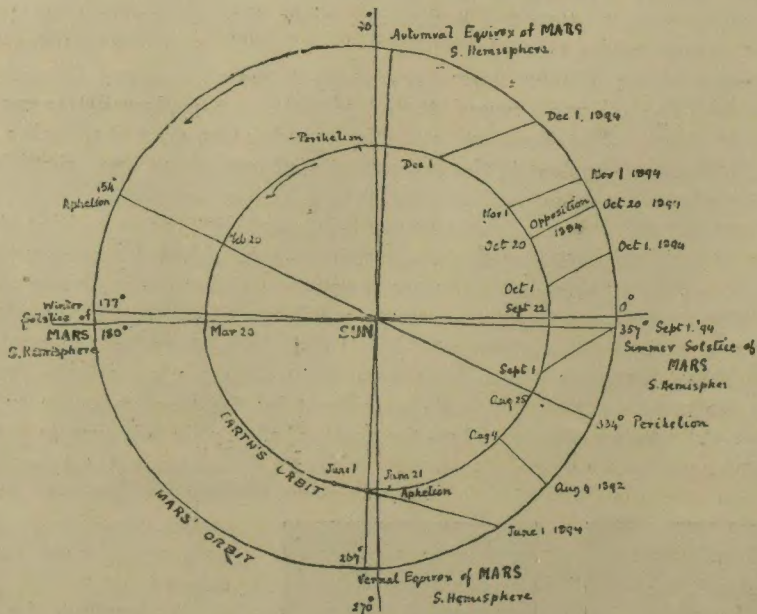


FIG. 4: ORBITS OF MARS AND THE EARTH, FOR THE OPPOSITION OF 1894.

the case, we should have expected to find a condition on his surface giving indications of abundance of snow and signs of rapid melting under the hot sun, the extent of each depending to a great measure at what time during the period of opposition the observations were made.

In order to lay before the reader the appearance of the planet as he has been seen by those who are supplied with all the requirements necessary for good and trustworthy observations—namely, pure atmosphere, good positions, and fine instruments, we cannot do better than turn our attention to the work recently carried on at the Lowell Observatory, Arizona. This observatory has been erected by one of those admirers of this science previously referred to, for the special purpose of



observing Martian surface-markings during the period of last year's opposition, and observations have been carried on ever since the beginning of June. As was to be expected from the preceding remarks, the observations seemed to have been in one with the idea of a great thaw taking place at the southern hemisphere of the planet.

One of the most striking features of the planet's surface are the white markings, which are supposed to be snow and which are situated at the two poles of the planet. In the earlier period of last year's observations this snow-cap was very large, covering at one time, nearly the whole frigid zone of the southern hemisphere. Day by day it gradually diminished, having decreased very considerably by the middle of the month. Girdling the edge of the polar cap was detected a dark narrow streak, of not quite regular breadth. This led to the impression that this region indicated the beginning of the water, or, in other words, formed the boundary at the time of observation between the water in its solid state as snow or ice and its liquid state as water.

More than once the suggestion has been thrown out that perhaps the lighter parts of the planet's surface might be water and the darker ones land. The

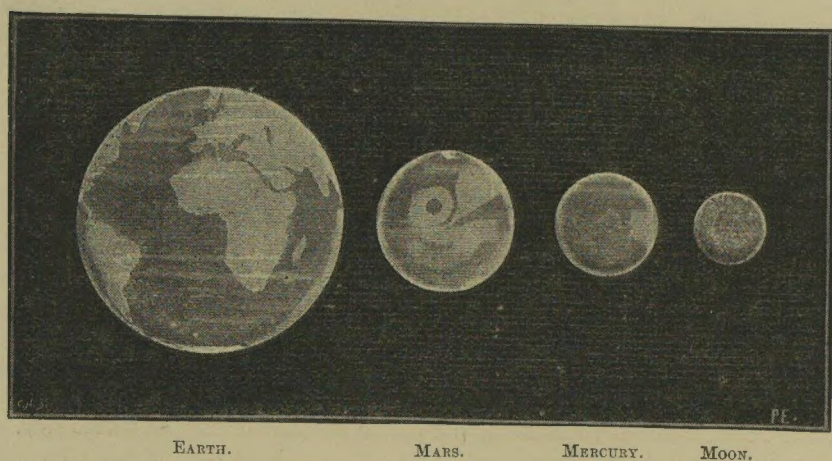


FIG. 5: COMPARISON OF THE SIZE OF MARS WITH THOSE OF THE EARTH, MERCURY, AND THE MOON.

observation just referred to seems to show fairly conclusively that the reverse is the case, for where we expect to find water, do we not there see dark and not light markings? Even if our own North or South poles were observed, say from Mars, or some other neighbouring point, as the Moon, observers would see our snow-capped poles, and the land markings would be most feeble there. It might be argued that if land markings were near the south pole of Mars they would be easily seen, owing to the great contrast of the mass of white snow to the south of it. This, however, does not carry very much weight with it, for would not the water look also dark in comparison? The colours of these regions are also fairly indicative of the presence of water, some of these markings being of a "beautiful deep blue."

That what is seen at the poles is not all snow or water seems to have been previously shown by earlier workers on Martian details. Mitchell, in 1877, and Green, in 1877, both observed some snow islands in a region which was then free from the snow-cap. Most probably these may be looked upon as high mountains, the tops of which, owing to their height above the general surface, retained their snow.

At this period of opposition several of these extremely brilliant starlike points, this time on the polar cap itself, have been under observation, and some of them coincide in position with those above referred to, showing that the same phenomena have been in view.

Their dazzling brilliancy, when seen on the cap itself, seems to add another fact which needs special explanation. It has been suggested that, by assuming them to be brought about by a direct reflection of sunlight at the moment of observation—just as one sees at times house-windows illuminated at the time of sunset—then the mountains must be of no very mean slope.

That we are dealing here with mountains seems now to be generally accepted, so we must not consider in future the surface of Mars near the poles as smooth, but as studded with mountains, perhaps similar, perhaps dissimilar, to those with which we are here acquainted.

Another very striking feature which has been seen on the snow-cap itself is a great rift which seems to have divided the polar cap into two parts. Mr. Lowell, who has made many drawings of it in various positions, has described it as "a huge cart-track coming down to one over the snow," standing out as a very broad dark band against the white snow. No suggestion, so far as is known, has been offered to account for this very definite marking, but perhaps future observation will cast more light upon the origin of its existence. There seems, however, to be signs that this marking lies at a lower level than that bounding it on either side, so we are again led to look upon the polar region as one far from flat.

Turning our attention now to the region nearer the equator, we are here presented with some observations of absorbing interest. In the light of the "inundation" hypothesis, a reference to which has already been made, the following extract is of great importance, and suggests that the said hypothesis has something really solid in its favour. After mentioning the three general portions into which the apparent disc appears to be divided, Mr. Lowell, from his observations, says: "Next to the sharp manner in which the snow-cap stood out upon the disc was the definite characters of the continental coast-line and the equally indefinite characters of all the markings between the two."

The importance of this remark will be more clearly grasped when it is understood that the geography of the region included in the last sentence has been, at other favourable times, well studied, and the land markings at the same periods distinctly and definitely observed.

The "indefinite character" noted indicates that something, whatever it may have been, has been at work which has blurred the contours of the islands and erased temporarily areas which we know for certain have been formerly visible. A

temporary flood, brought about by the downpour of water from the latitudes nearer the pole, would very well account for such a "blurring," for the more flat lands would be covered with shallow water, while others, having higher land in their middle, would have their general contour-lines under shallow water, and therefore rendered indistinct.

Apropos of this question of the temporary position of the water taken up on different parts of the Martian disc, some observations made by Professor W. H. Pickering become specially interesting. By means of an instrument known as a "polariser"—which, to state briefly, is an analyser of light—he made an investigation of the large black gulf to which we have previously referred, bounding the melting snow at the south pole, and situated to the south of the sea known to the observers of Mars as "The Syrtis Minor." It may be remarked that this local feature, which has formed such a striking marking at this opposition, was in 1892 quite inconspicuous. On June 4, Professor Pickering brought his instrument to bear on this gulf, with the result that it was declared to be water, just as the channel in the same region was also concluded to be covered with water. This observation, although important, did not tell us anything new, but simply verified what had been previously thought to be the case, from its general appearance and colour. Another examination, however, at a later date, presented the matter in quite a different light. On July 9 no trace of the polarisation in the dark spot could be detected, and a minute scrutiny of the colour of this region showed it to be of a rich chocolate-brown tint, differing entirely from the bluish-grey regions to the north of it. Mr. Lowell had previously referred to this neighbourhood as a bay of deep blue, and looking just like deep water. The apparent antagonism between these observations may at first seem rather puzzling, when one considers that in this interval such a great change can be noted. Professor Pickering is of opinion that, as the colour of the grey regions does not represent water, so far as observations allow him, the permanent water area on Mars, if it exists at all, is extremely limited in its dimensions.

We are here brought face to face with a conclusion which seems to favour very considerably the hypothesis of a temporary inundation.

We now come to consider those curious markings on the Martian disc, which for many years have aroused such attention. We refer to the canals, or, as they should be more properly termed, channels. The peculiar straightness of these markings, coupled with the word "canal," have led people to believe that they are really the work of human beings, excavations for some purpose or another. What they really are is not known, but mere conjecture.

Their appearance at this time has shown nothing of unusual interest, although they have been continuously under observation. From Fig. 7 a good idea may be gathered of the general look of these channels. The illustration is after the observations of Schiaparelli, our greatest authority on Martian matters. The channels are shown double as they sometimes appear, and it must be remembered that they are not seen so distinct as are here shown, but are only clearly visible on the central part of the disc. (See the two drawings, Fig. 2.) The small dots in the illustration indicate points where white snow spots have been observed. At Arizona, and at many other observatories, several of these channels have been detected, and in some cases their doubling has been recorded. Those most frequently seen were situated, as would naturally be the case, from the position of the planet's axis on the southern hemisphere, so that their observation on the surface generally has been to some extent restricted.

In examining some of the drawings, notably those by Mr. Lowell, one is inclined to look upon the channels as simple watercourses, caused by the inundation of the land by the sea, commencing naturally at the lowest levels, and therefore at the water's edge. Of the numerous drawings which he has given illustrating their positions, most of them are shown in connection with the southern seas, only one instance displaying a channel not so connected, and this a very short one. This is as it should be if the channels are, so to speak, overflow courses, and it accounts also for their invisibility, or, at any rate, the difficulty of observing them as a whole about this period. As the polar cap ceases to melt, the channels should then be at

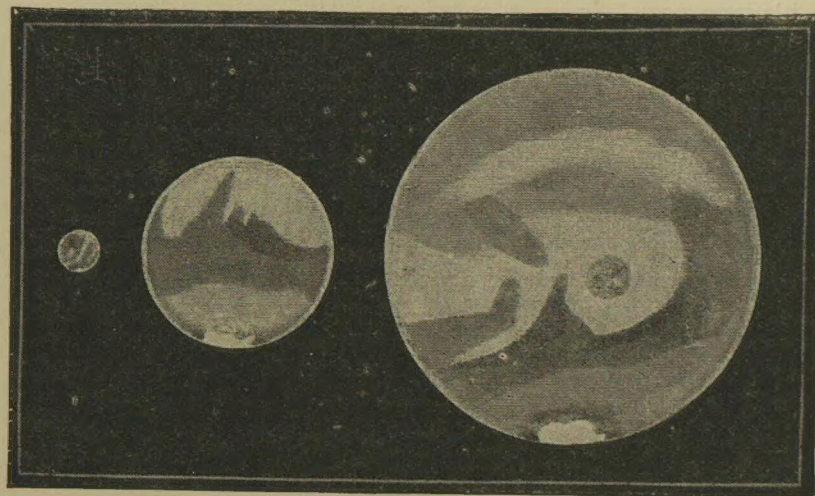


FIG. 6: APPARENT DIMENSIONS OF MARS AT HIS EXTREME AND MEAN DISTANCES.

their fullest, and therefore easily visible, for the planetary surface would be covered with the greatest amount of water.

In addition to the rapid snow-melting as a cause of this inundation, it has been suggested that heavy rainfalls may also be reckoned with. This cannot be directly contradicted, but one is inclined to look upon the aqueous circulation on Mars as very small. It is true that at times clouds have been seen floating across the planet's disc, dimming for a while the surface markings; but if they are to cause a great part of the flood which we think we have witnessed, then they would no doubt be more striking features than they in fact appear. One of the chief peculiarities of Mars' surface is, as has long ago been remarked, the absence of any but very thin films of



clouds, so one is led to believe that the flood season can depend only a very little, if at all, on this source of supply.

Some remarks have already been made with regard to some brilliant points of light, near the southern pole, which have suggested the presence of mountains in these regions. Other markings of a somewhat similar nature have been observed, at times, nearer the equator, and what is more remarkable, they have been seen projecting beyond the illuminated portion of the planet. In fact, they are known as bright projections on the terminator—the terminator being that part of the surface on the boundary of light and darkness, and their presence has given rise to a considerable amount of conjecture as to their real origin. That they have been recently subjected to a considerable amount of scrutiny entices one to enter more fully into their history and the reasons given for their presence.

We might preface our remarks, however, with a few words touching "bright spots," which are somewhat of the same character, and perhaps in some cases connected with these prominences.

The ease with which they can be seen may be gathered from Schiaparelli, who writes: "They require only an instrument of moderate power and very persevering attention." Their peculiarities "offer a field for the most interesting investigations the importance of which in the study of the physical constitution of Mars is obvious; and in this field useful work can be done by those observers who are not able to decipher the much more difficult details of the canals and their doubling."

These spots are often brighter in oblique positions near the edges of the planet than at the central part. Sometimes they are white with a more or less bright lustre, but always less brilliant than the polar cap. The white colour is best seen when near the edge of the disc, and Schiaparelli writes: "I have often observed them even when some hours earlier or later, passing over the central meridian, they have shown nothing unusual."

Whether the Italian astronomer has ever seen these bright spots projecting beyond the terminator is not recorded as far as we know, but that he has brought them considerably into notice is undoubted. Now they are quite commonly observed, and many accounts of them may be found by reference to the more recent observations.

To return to the prominences which have been seen *beyond* the terminator, these were first observed in 1890 with the Lick refractor. In 1892 they were seen by the observers at the Nice and Arequipa Observatories, while in the present year they were again seen on June 26 at the Lick Observatory, and have since been more or less constantly under observation. Fig. 8 shows one of these projections on the terminator, seen at the Observatory of Juvisy on Aug. 23, 1892.

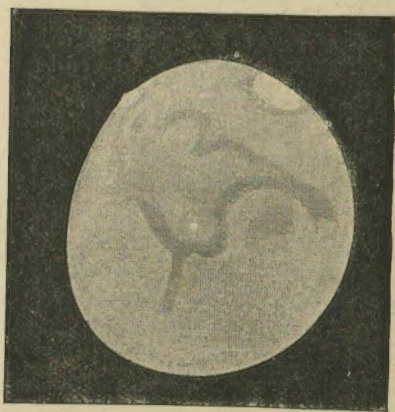


FIG. 8: BRIGHT PROJECTION AS SEEN ON THE TERMINATOR OF MARS AT THE OBSERVATORY OF JUVISY, AUG. 23, 1892.

terminator, and rendered more brilliant by the contrast of the dark background. Similar appearances can always be seen at the terminator of the Moon.

Now there seems to be no doubt that the projections seen do *not* belong to the former class, but to the latter. Their appearances have shown that not only are they elevated above the theoretical terminator, but that the more prominent of them are found in some cases to be curved round to the north, taking up a position parallel to the terminator; while the northern extremity was separated from the illuminated part by a dark line of appreciable breadth. In short, the observations lead to the conclusion that we are here in the presence of hills, pure and simple. Professor W. W. Campbell, who has written a most interesting article on this subject, says that they may be explained by mountain chains lying across the terminator, covered, but not necessarily so, with snow.

An interesting question now arises as to what must be the height of these mountains. This can be easily answered if we take into account the distance of Mars at the time of observation and the magnifying power of the telescope employed. Without entering into the calculation here, the question really reduces itself to this: that if we can see on the Moon's terminator prominences *without* any optical means whatever, we ought to see similar prominences at times on Mars when his equivalent distance is (by means of instruments) reduced to about one half that of our satellite. That this should be so cannot for a moment be questioned, considering the great clearness of the Martian atmosphere.

From an actual observation, Professor Campbell has computed the heights which these mountains should have to satisfy the observed facts. The resulting height is by no means excessive, being nearly two miles, or a little over 10,000 ft. With us there are several mountains over this height. In America, for instance, we have heights of 20,000 ft. or more, while Mont Blanc reaches nearly 16,000 ft.

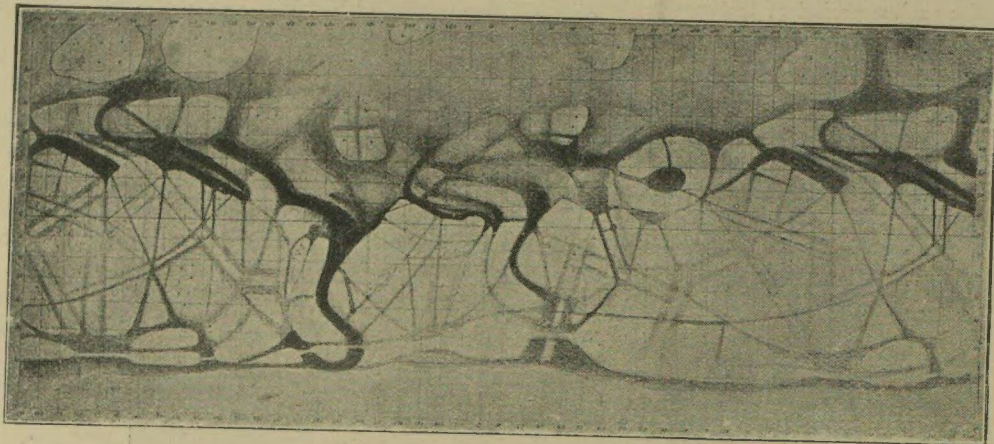


FIG. 7: THE "CHANNELS" OF MARS, AS RECORDED BY SCHIAPARELLI, SHOWING THEIR DOUBLING.

In a recent astronomical communication, Mr. Lowell, in summing up the results drawn from a discussion of his observations, suggests quite a new and feasible explanation to account for the most curious changes of colour which the planet's surface near the south pole undergoes at the time of the melting of the polar snows. The dark girdle round the southern polar cap plays, as he says, the "*deus ex machina*" to the whole phenomenon, and the colour-changes are due to vegetation in different stages of growth. He was led to this by various ways, but chief among them were that straits running through seas led him to doubt whether the seas were seas, and that the subsequent behaviour of the so-called seas rendered their aquatic character very doubtful. About the changes of colour then, he says, speaking of the time of the Martian Nile-like inundation, the seas were darkest probably because, "some water had already found its way down from the pole, and also to the fact that moisture had been deposited there on the water's journey up, and had quickened the vegetation of those relatively amphibious lands." Until the most extensive part of the melting of the snow-cap had taken place these dark areas remained the same; but their history afterwards was "one long chronicle of drying up. Their lighter parts grew lighter, and their darker ones less dark." When the snow-cap had entirely disappeared the whole south polar region was one yellow stretch. The blue-green areas represent, then, on this hypothesis, vegetation, fertilised by a comparatively small amount of water, whose direct presence or absence is not very perceptible to us, but whose indirect effects are the water eventually finding its way down to the more equatorial regions, where it finds definite courses in the canals. The canals and so-called lakes share then, as has been mentioned previously, in the annual metamorphosis with the seasonal change.

The vegetation is seen as a wave of deepening tint passing successively through the blue-green regions from south to north. In winter pale, the colour commences in spring, deepening through the summer until, at last, it dies out in the autumn. Mr. Lowell says that all this is probably due indirectly to the water, and directly to the vegetation that water induces. This being the case, he likens the sea-beds of Mars to such that are midway in evolution between those of the Earth and those on the Moon. In other words, they are not barren ocean beds, but are in that "half-way stage of the process when their low level helps them catch what water still voyages upon the planet's surface, though they have long since parted with their own. The ever-constant markings, however, on the planet's surface, that throughout this period remain still unchanged, are the great continental areas. These for their colour and immutability are likened to the reddish desert regions with which we are acquainted; they are past all possibility of change, being vast waste.

Such, then, are some of the most salient points regarding our next-door neighbour. At every opposition we gain grains of knowledge, all of which tend to bring us nearer the goal for which we are striving. We might almost change the word "Earth" into "Mars" in the following lines, and say with the poet—

Look downward on that globe, whose hither side  
With light from hence, though but reflected, shines;  
That place is Mars, the seat of man: that light  
His day, which else, as th' other hemisphere,  
Night would invade.

The time, however, has not yet arrived when such an alteration can be deemed permissible, for a host of questions have to be answered before man, as we know him here, can be said to exist on this planet.